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A RETURN TO THE SCENES OF YOUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY A. W. GRAHAM.

I'm an old man now, alone in the world,
My locks are as white as the snow;
Yet I can scarcely wonder at that, when I think
That 'tis three-score and ten years ago
Since I, as a boy, have played on this spot,
Or visited yonder old well;
But these scenes of my youth, so dear to me then,
Are as precious to memory still.

And yet these old places are not *just* the same,
They have changed quite as much as have I;
E'en the once busy mill over there on the hill
Is contented in quiet to lie.
Then the faces I meet are all new and strange;
None of my friends do I see;
And it makes me feel sad, and lonelier still,
When I find there's not one that knows me.

I've been to the school-house, down yonder lane,
But there I found change and decay,
And the place where I left happy children then
Is mournfully silent to-day.
The "old beech" still stands where I once cut my name,
And whose limbs furnished many a rod;
But the master who used them is now of the dead,
Resting quietly 'neath the green sod.

As I sit by this tree, lost in dreams of the past,
And watch yonder fast-sinking sun,
I feel that for me it will soon sink its last,
And my tired, weary race will be run;
And then I shall go where the sun never sets,
But where God giveth light to the day,
And where death but an endless existence begets,
That ne'er shall be taken away.

THE LIVING MYSTERY;

OR,

THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

Oh, Love was once a little boy,
And oftentimes a fool;
Yet they who'd gain experience
Must learn it in his school.

Filled with curiosity though they were, the inhabitants of Grassmere had to restrain it in the direction of the Rectory, for nothing could be more mysterious, silent, or unsatisfactory than the conduct of its owner.

Since his appearance in the church he had been seen but twice—once when he had traversed the village in search of an old woman who had been hopelessly dumb for years, and to whom he consigned the care of the Rectory—and again when he visited the carpenter with instructions to replace the broken wicket with a strong oaken gate and the glass-less window-panes with blackened wood. With the exception of these repairs, if repairs they could be called, the Rectory underwent no renovation for its master. Two rooms were cleansed from their time-honored dust, some of the old oaken furniture, with its faded velvet and armorial bearings, carried into them, and in these Maurice Durant lived, buried from the world.

Since his curt refusal of the first invitation, Sir Fielding had deemed it best for a while to leave the strange being undisturbed, although everyone at the Hall and the Cottage was most anxious to see more of him, and, with the exception of Maud, continually talked of him. She, singularly enough, kept closed lips whenever the subject was brought up, and listened sometimes with a pained flush to some remark of Chudleigh concerning Maurice Durant and his strange retirement. Indeed, Maud had undergone some change since that evening when the tall figure had startled her by its sudden appearance, and had grown quiet and somewhat pensive, sitting thoughtfully alone where she used to be singing blithely, and often relapsing into a fit of abstraction during the meals at which she was wont to be the light and color. Sir Fielding was perhaps too engrossed with his beloved books and the ever-present cloud of the foreclosing mortgage to notice the change; but Chudleigh had seen it and troubled over it, yet had deemed it best to let it pass uncommented on, thinking perhaps that her melancholy and depression were but the effects of the strange scene on the night of Maurice Durant's arrival.

On the Sunday following that on which Maurice Durant had preached the little church was crammed, all expecting that they should again see and listen to him; but at the end of the Communion Service the little curate mounted the old pulpit and the congregation was doomed to disappointment. Maud, who as the service had progressed had drawn closer to Sir Fielding, drew a breath of relief not unmingled with pain when she saw that the rector would not preach, and Sir Fielding, looking down upon her face as she knelt devoutly through the valedictory prayer, saw it flush and pale by turns. So the week wore half away with the mystery growing thicker about the Rectory each day. On Wednesday the Honorable Clarence Hartfield provided the gossips with new material for conversation by driving through the village at breakneck pace in a gayly-painted sledge, the tinkling of whose bells as they shook on the harness brought Lady Mildred and Carlotta to the drawing-room window of the Cottage.

"Dear me! there is Mr. Hartfield and the sledge," exclaimed Lady Mildred. "What a beautiful little thing it is! I had no idea he really meant to bring it—had you, my dear?"

"Oh, yes," said Carlotta; "he looked like it. Hush! here he comes," she added as the door opened and admitted Clarence Hartfield, enveloped in sealskin, his golden hair blown back from his face in waving curls by the sharp air, and his eyes—or at least that one behind his glass—bright with delight.

"Haw! here I am, you see. What do you think of the sledge? I told the wascal who made it it was too highly colored, but he said: 'Oh, no; can't have a sledge too highly-colored,' eh! eh!"

"It is very pretty, I am sure," said Carlotta. "Is it quite safe?" she added, smiling.

"Safe!" exclaimed Mr. Hartfield. "Safe! I could dwive it full of eggs. Besides, the horse is the quietest thing I ever knew. Aye, you could dwive him if you liked—would you like?"

Carlotta smiled.

"I should not mind, if there were any occasion for it," she answered.

Clarence Hartfield laughed.

"She's vewy quiet, but she won't stand in the cold long," he said.

Accepting the intimation, the ladies left the room to don their furs.

It was certainly very delightful gliding over the ice-bound roads and flying across the lake On the very wings of the wind, and Carlotta's face grew very red and her eyes bright, in the clear, keen air, while her lips were wreathed in oft-repeated smiles at the fervor of her companion, whose *blase* manner was gradually giving way each moment to a stuttering delight that made every "r" a "w," and filled the air with his Dundreary laugh.

On their way home they met Chudleigh and Maud, who were going in the direction of the Rectory. Lady Mildred asked Clarence Hartfield to pull up, which he did just in front of the grave face of Chudleigh, and the slightly pale one of Maud.

"We have had such a delightful ride, Chud.," said her ladyship, "thanks to Mr. Hartfield. Isn't this a singular vehicle?"

"Very," said Chudleigh, glancing at the gaudily painted affair. "Quite Continental. I congratulate Mr. Hartfield on the acquisition of such a curiosity, and implore him to tell me whence he procured it."

Carlotta looked up gravely at his slightly sarcastic tone, and their eyes met. She lowered hers immediately, while her cheek flushed with the slightest *soupson* of crimson and he looked away with a sharp spasm of jealousy. She looked so bright and happy—was it only the fresh air and exercise, or the congenial companionship of the Honorable Clarence? he asked himself.

"Where did I get it?" replied Clarence. "'Pon my word, I don't think I shall let the secret out; everybody will be having a sledge," and he laughed, murmuring to himself: "That fellah's quizzing me, by Jove!"

"You need not be under any great apprehension on that score, Mr. Hartfield," said Chudleigh, laughing at the piece of simple conceit. "Our frosts are not usually severe enough to warrant the building of such a piece of magnificence as this," and he laid his hand upon the carriage.

Meanwhile Maud was answering a question of Carlotta.

"When am I coming to the Cottage, dear? Oh, as soon as Chudleigh will bring me."

"What's that, Maud?" said Lady Mildred. "Waiting for Chud.? We'll soon bring him to book. Chud.," turning to him where he stood, patting the horse's neck, "come over and dine with us to-morrow, and bring Maud. Perhaps I can prevail upon Mr. Hartfield to join us," and she flashed round upon Mr. Clarence.

"Most happy, I'm sure," said he with evident pleasure, while Chudleigh stood hesitating.

"Thanks, aunt; we shall be very glad, shall we not, Maud?, Seven, as usual, I suppose."

"Yes, seven," said Lady Mildred. "Now, girls, you must bring your conference to an end."

And the next minute the sledge was on its way again.

"Who is Mr. Hartfield, Chud.?" said Maud, as they walked briskly on.

"I don't know," said Chud. absently. "A son of the Earl of Crownbrilliants, I think. He's staying at the Folly."

"Staying at the Folly, and driving Aunt Mildred and Carlotta," laughed Maud. "Where are his manners?"

"Perished with his sense at his birth," said Chudleigh curtly, adding, more graciously: "Not much of ill-manners about it; Lady Mildred knows the Earl and Countess, and the Folly is Laberty Hall, I believe, to all its visitors; though I expect the Misses Gregsons are not overpleased at the defection of this curled fop ——"

"Curled fop, Chud.!" laughed Maud. "How severe! I am sure he is very good-looking ——"

"Very pretty, indeed," said Chudleigh. "I have seen nothing to equal him since I poked the eyes out of that wax doll you had when you were a child; but"—and he laughed rather bitterly—"he is a fascinating fellow, no doubt—at least to judge from the happy faces of Lady Mildred and Miss Lawley."

Maud looked up quickly and read poor Chud's secret in a minute, but with a woman's wisdom took care not to let him know what she had learned.

"I don't think Carlotta was overjoyed," she said. "She is scarcely the girl to be much flattered or delighted at the attention of such an exquisite as Mr. Hartfield seems, although he is as pretty as my poor doll."

"Did you think she looked bored, eh?" said Chud., eagerly.

"Quite as much bored as amused," said Maud, pouring balm of Gilead over her brother's wounds. "I am glad we are going tomorrow, Chud. I was afraid we should not see Carlotta for some time."

"I was over there yesterday," said Chudleigh, trying to look indifferent.

"Were you?" said Maud. "You didn't tell me, you naughty boy."

"Did I not?" said Chudleigh. "I was only just passing, and —— What's the matter?" he broke off to inquire as he felt Maud start, and, looking down, saw her staring in front of her among the trees.

"Look!" she said breathlessly. "What is that?"

Chud. looked, and saw the tall form of Maurice Durant leaning against the trunk of an old oak, his head bent upon his breast, one hand grasping a fowling-piece, the other hanging white and shapely by his side. The long cloak had been discarded for a short coat made of wolf's fur, which, fitting tightly, displayed the magnificent figure to the best advantage. The Corsican cap was still retained, but at the present moment it was lying at the feet of a huge mastiff, who, hearing footsteps, raised his head, and with an ominous growl sprang at a clear bound over the ruined hedge and stood ready to spring at Chudleigh. At the sound of the dog's growl its master looked up, and, striding forward, uttered a command in some foreign tongue, at the same time springing over the hedge and advancing to where Chudleigh, pressing Maud to his side, stood with a stick upraised on the defensive. At the sound of its master's voice, however, the dog dropped on the ground with instant and most perfect submission, and Chudleigh, turning round with a whispered "All right, don't seem frightened," to Maud,s said:

"Good-morning! That is a fine dog of yours, Mr. Durant."

Maurice Durant raised his dusky eyebrows.

"That is gracious of you, Mr. Chudleigh Chichester, considering that my rough beast has somewhat frightened you. He is harmless," he continued, crossing to Maud, with a perceptible softening of his deep voice—"harmless as a child where he is told to respect. See!" and, raising his hand, he spoke again in some foreign tongue, and the dog with a whine of humility commenced dragging itself on its body towards Maud.

"You could slay it as it lies now," he said, "and it would not resist. Have you recovered from your alarm sufficiently to stroke it?"

Maud looked up, and, meeting the commanding gaze of the dark eyes, felt bound to obey; so, stretching out her hand, she touched the dog's noble head. Immediately the animal with a joyful snort commenced licking her hand, and with all a girl's love for a big dog Maud bent down and put her arms round its shaggy neck, murmuring coaxing words which seemed to fill the dog with delight; Maurice Durant and Chudleigh looking down at the beautiful pair in eloquent silence.

"You are friends now?" said Maurice Durant so suddenly that Maud started.

"Quite," she said, in a low voice, lifting her large eyes timidly to the weather-beaten face above her. "He is a beautiful dog. Will you tell me his name?"

"His name is Tigris—not because he is like a tiger, but because he has fought one and killed it. Hast thou not, Tigris?"

At the sound of its master's voice the animal bounded to his side, but at a gesture from Maurice returned to Maud, who had now gained an upright position, and stretched itself at her feet again.

"Do you find much sport?" said Chudleigh, glancing at the gun.

Maurice Durant shrugged his shoulders.

"No," he said, "not much. I fear I have scarcely sought it with sufficient earnestness. My gun accompanies me as a companion as much as anything else. It is an old favorite."

Chudleigh looked at the weapon of foreign make, with its barrel covered with strange devices.

"There are plenty of birds in the Hall chase," he said. "Will you not honor us by thinning them? Sir Fielding took it for granted that you would consider the grounds, as well as the Hall, at your disposal."

"Sir Fielding Chichester is most kind, but the Rectory grounds afford me sufficient scope for what little shooting I require," he added courteously, but with sufficient coldness to bring a hurt expression upon Chudleigh's face.

"I am afraid we shall never be able to induce you to quit your solitary life, Mr. Durant," he said, with a grave smile. "I am commissioned by my father to entreat you to dine with us to-day, but I fear there is little hope of prevailing upon you to accept such a *sans ceremonie* invitation."

Maurice Durant's face clouded for a moment, and his piercing eyes wandered first from Chudleigh, then to Maud, where she still knelt at a little distance beside the dog. Then he said slowly, and with a sad, grave smile that gave a mournful charm to his words:

MME. HELENA MODJESKA, COUNTESS BOZENTA, Actress.

For Sketch see another page.

"Mr. Chichester, you are right in thinking I love my solitary life, and loth to leave it, even for a day. I have lived by myself without a friend—save the dog there—in city and in waste—alone! Solitude has become almost a necessity to me. I am unfitted for the social life. Still, to prove to you that I am not quite the hermit and anchorite I see you half think me, I will dine with you to-night."

"You will?" said Chudleigh. "Sir Fielding will be delighted; for myself ——" He stopped, for his eager manner had brought a regretful reluctance upon the dark face, and he feared that the promise would be withdrawn if he continued. "We dine at seven," he said; "but if that is too early, or a later hour than your usual ——"

"My usual hour for dinner," said Maurice Durant, "is when I need it. Seven, eight, or any time will suit me equally well."

"Then we shall expect you at seven," said Chudleigh.

"I will be with you," replied Maurice Durant, and with a slight inclination he turned away.

Maud looked up and saw him walking quickly from them, and, patting the dog, joined Chudleigh, who was standing looking after the being whom he remembered as the open, light-hearted boy of twenty.

"Mr. Durant has consented to dine with us to-night, Maud," he said as his sister came up and took his arm.

Maud started and looked up with a sudden flush, but said nothing, and she walked on.

"Hullo!" said Chudleigh with an exclamation, upon coming up to where Maud had left the dog, for it lay there motionless, with its head turned in their direction and whining. "here's the dog," and he attempted to send it after its departing master. But the dog refused to move, wagging its tail and fawning upon Maud. "What a nuisance!" said Chudleigh. "I must run after Durant and tell him. It will never do to leave the animal here," and he leaped the broken hedge and walked quickly in pursuit of Maurice Durant, calling the dog, who still, however, stuck fast to his post beside the beautiful girl.

Maurice Durant looked around as Chudleigh, touching him on the arm, said:

"Will you call your dog? He seems to have taken a fancy to my sister, and does not look inclined to follow you."

"Your pardon!" he said, raising his eyebrows; "I had forgotten the dog."

He turned and walked quickly back to the road, saying to Maud:

"I told Tigris to stay by you, and he would do so, unless I recalled him, until the day of his death."

Maud looked up with surprise.

"And leave you?" she said with an innocent artlessness that was charming.

"Aye," replied Maurice. "Tigris knows that the best part of affection is obedience."

"And he would have followed me home?" said Maud, looking wistfully at the dog, who was stretched at her feet.

"Yes, and shall do so if you wish it," said its owner, reading the wistful look with a calm smile. "He is yours."

"No, no," said Maud eagerly, even pushing the dog's head away with her tiny hand; "I would not deprive you of him. He is the only ——" "being you have to love," she was going to say ingenuously, but stopped and flushed painfully.

"The only thing I have to amuse me?" he said, intentionally misunderstanding her sudden silence, and adding, with a smile: "Not so; there are still the trees and the rooks and my gun. Tigris shall go with you, and if you tire of him, why, he can join his master's broken fortunes again," and, lifting his cap from his head, he left them once more, this time unfollowed.

Maud stood looking after him with a pale face and wonder-filled eyes. Chudleigh regarded her for a moment in silence, then with a laugh said:

"Come, Maud, and bring your prize with you. By Jove! never was anything presented with a more royal air. He is like a prince in an old-fashioned romance, and the dog is as noble."

"Not so noble as its master," said Maud, in a low voice. And Chudleigh, looking down at her lowered face, saw with some surprise that her eyes were filled with tears.

However, he merely whistled, and they walked on, the dog trotting calmly by Maud's side as if it had never owned another master.

CHAPTER IX.

Nor may we e'er forget
The follies we commit;
Fate reaps in after years
Full harvest of our tears.

Dinner was over, and the drawing-room at the Hall was shining softly in the light of the tall wax-candles, which burnt with a delicious softness that our modern, aching eyes, accustomed to the garish glare of hideous gas-chandeliers, know nothing of. Sitting in a velvet chair, the dark blue of which made her fair skin look whiter and purer than ever, Maud, gazing at the fire with dreamy eyes, was thinking of the scene that had occurred in the morning, and, with Tigris' head resting on her tiny foot, was weaving an imaginary history of the man who was sitting beside her father and brother in the dining-room; for Maurice Durant had kept his promise and arrived at the Hall at half-past six.

When Maud entered the drawing-room before dinner, she started. The tall form, attired in an evening-suit, with its grand face, from which the long, thick hair was brushed in a mass of rugged curls, leaving the forehead bare and white, looking strangely handsome, was so great a contrast to its wild, almost savage appearance of the morning. Still, though clad in the uniform which so seldom becomes an English gentleman, Maud felt a strange pleasure in the consciousness that Maurice Durant looked not one whit less noble in the black coat of fashion than in his tunic of goatskin. One thing that struck her at once was that, whereas her father and Chudleigh both wore a few articles of jewelry, Maurice Durant's only trinket was an antique ring, with a dull, leaden-looking stone set in it. Maurice Durant wore neither watch-chain nor ornamented studs, his shirt, down the front of which ran an edging of foreign work, being fastened with black stones, which were certainly not ornamental, whatever their intrinsic worth.

At dinner he had eaten little, and drunk scarcely more than a glass of claret, and, save for a few remarks addressed to Sir Fielding, had maintained a thoughtful, somewhat abstracted silence. Still his manner, and, more than all, the grand cast of his face, kept his taciturnity from offense, for it was impossible to measure Maurice Durant with the rule applied to the ordinary run of men; and, indeed, Sir Fielding was too pleased with the success of his attempt to coax his strange neighbor to the Hall to risk losing him forever by forcing him into unwilling conversation, trusting that in time the strange reserve would melt beneath the constant warmth of unobtrusive friendship. Besides which, Sir Fielding had not forgotten amongst his books sufficient of his knowledge of the world to be long in surmising that his guest had undergone sorrow and trial enough to warrant the strangeness of his manner and speech, so that the dinner had gone off very quietly, Chudleigh and Sir Fielding carrying on a rambling conversation, Maurice Durant breaking in suddenly with a question or remark, always to the purpose, and Maud speaking seldom and listening, when Maurice spoke, with a rapt attention.

After she had withdrawn to the drawing-room Sir Fielding rang the bell for a particular old port, but Maurice Durant declined any more wine.

"If you will not taste my old port," said Sir Fielding, smiling, "you will have some more claret and a cigar?"

But these also were declined, and, after a glass with Chudleigh, Sir Fielding led the way into the drawing-room. Tigris rose as his master entered, and sprang towards him; but, holding up his hand, Maurice Durant spoke two words in the same language in which he had bidden him follow Maud, and the dog returned instantly to its place.

"That's Corsican, is it not?" said Sir Fielding, who had caught the words.

"Yes," said Maurice Durant. "Do you speak it?"

Sir Fielding shook his head.

"No, unfortunately," he said; "but I chanced to know the two words you spoke. "Is the dog Corsican?"

"Yes," said Maurice, almost curtly, and, turning to a picture, changed the subject by saying, after a few minutes' examination: "A Carlo Dolci?"

"Yes," said Sir Fielding. "It is good, is it not?"

"Very," was the reply. "It is the finest head I have seen of his save one that hung above an altar in a small Florentine chapel."

"There are several good pictures in the gallery," said Chudleigh. "Would you like to see them?"

"Much," said Maurice Durant, "if it would not be giving you trouble. I am fond of pictures."

"And music?" added Sir Fielding, interrogatively.

"And music," assented Maurice Durant, his face lighting up suddenly. "Had we more music the world would be a brighter one."

"And a better," said Chudleigh, ringing the bell as he spoke.

"Is there a fire in the gallery?" asked Sir Fielding of the footman who appeared.

"Yes, sir," said the man. "Mr. Chichester's instructions were that it should be lit during the frost."

"Ah, yes; I had forgotten," said Chudleigh. "Shall we go there? Come, Maud."

The three made their way through the hall and up the spacious oaken staircase to the long gallery lined with various pictures and the family portraits. Maurice uttered a low exclamation of pleasure, and commenced examining them—Sir Fielding, pleased at his evident appreciation of the really beautiful collection, standing at his elbow.

"Ah!" said Maurice, suddenly pausing before a small picture representing Death as a skeleton stooping to take a child from its cradle. "I saw that picture painted."

"Indeed!" said Sir Fielding, his face kindling eagerly. "It is one of Fresdliano's—at least, I bought it for one of his."

"It is his. Poor fellow!" replied Maurice Durant. "His best and his last. Do you notice that left-hand corner, where the shadow of the skeleton falls? That is not quite finished. The light wants toning down, and the drawing is somewhat imperfect. Poor Freedliano! The day set apart for the finishing of that corner he was lying in his life-blood up in the garret to which the woman he loved had brought him by her perfidy!"

As he spoke Maurice Durant's face became sadder even than its wont, and the ragged forehead grew more marked.

"I was with him," he continued, his voice growing dreamy and soft, and speaking as if he were communing with himself—"I was with him when the picture was commenced. He would have dashed it aside ere the first lines were filled in, but I stayed his hands, for work with him went by fits and starts, and—aye, ah!—it was from one fit into another. Impulse, impulse—nothing but impulse! Before the skull was finished, just as his picture grew dear to him, he met Mabelle Regarne. You have heard of—— Ah, well, what matters it? Freedliano fell, like all the world, at her feet; but he, being a painter, loved in earnest, and ——The corner is unfinished yet; and, if I remember rightly, there should be some spots of blood at the back of the canvas," and in his strange, abrupt way he seized the picture and turned it, then, pointing one finger at five red stains on its back, let it swing round again in silence.

Sir Fielding and Chudleigh said nothing. Maud sighed, and, hearing her, Maurice Durant turned sharply, as if he had been unaware of her presence. The girl read the look rightly, and, growing pale, shrank closer to her father with an air of singular humility. For some few minutes Maurice Durant examined the pictures in silence, moving slowly on. But coming upon the grand organ, which stood in a recess built in the middle of the gallery, he exclaimed with an unmistakable air of pleasure:

"An organ!"

"Yes," said Chudleigh. "I must crave your forgiveness for not mentioning it before. I ought to have known you would like to see it."

Maurice Durant bowed slightly.

"It is a grand one. I know the maker."

"Will you try it?" said Sir Fielding. "I fear it has lost sometone, for Maud seldom touches it, and I never."

"Do you not like the organ?" asked Maurice, turning suddenly to Maud.

She started at the abruptness of the question, and hesitated as she replied faintly:

"Yes; but I cannot play it well enough, and it—it seems almost wrong to trifle with its grand music."

Maurice Durant looked at the pale face with a sudden interest.

"Will you play for me?" he said gently, fixing his dark eyes upon hers.

She would have given worlds to be able to refuse, but she could not, for the request, softtoned as it was, sounded like a command. Trembling in every limb, and flushing for an instant, she sat down to the instrument and played a "Gloria," her quivering fingers almost refusing to press the keys. Maurice Durant's face grew thoughtful as the music swelled out, and when she had finished he inclined his head gravely with courteous thanks.

"Your objection to the instrument would soon lose its color, did you but play oftener," he said.

"If I were sure ——" she hesitated, flushing at his mild praise.

"You may be," he said, laying his white hand upon the carved oak of the organ. "Give it more of your love, and it will give you more of its music."

"I will play more," she said, in a low voice; then, hesitating and growing paler, she said: "Will you play?"

His eyes looked a negative for a moment and he shook his head; but suddenly he moved, and, instead of turning away, seated himself at the organ, playing some subtle piece of music quite unknown to Sir Fielding, who was no poor musician in theory, and the like of which for sweetness and sorrowful grandeur the listeners had never imagined. First there floated through the vaulted gallery a low, solemn wail, which might have been the ghosts of the departed Chichesters chanting in unison a song of the spirit-world. Mournful to a degree, it brought the tears to Maud's eyes and caused Sir Fielding's head to droop upon his breast. Gradually it swelled out into a burst of grand harmony, that rang echoing and re-echoing like the joyful acclamation of a choral multitude, then suddenly changed to a soft, delicious melody born of a dream, and so, gradually growing lower and more mournful, died away like the sighing of a Summer breeze. For a second there was a dead silence, the steady, subdued light falling upon the magnificent head of the player as it bent over the instrument, and upon the beautiful one of the young girl, also bent—but to hide her tears. Then Sir Fielding rose from the seat he had dropped noiselessly into, and advanced towards the organ. Maurice Durant started at the sound of his footsteps and rose, turning his face, upon which rested such an expression of perfect serenity and peace as might have befitted a saint, but seemed marvelously strange upon those sorrow-marred features.

"Thank you, thank you," said Sir Fielding, in a low voice. "I never imagined anything so beautiful."

"Nor I," said Chudleigh, coming from behind, his face likewise moved. "Surely, Mr. Durant, you must be the most glorious organist that ever lived!"

The musician shrugged his shoulders, his face having lost the softness and grown as stern and impassive as ever.

"You have only to visit any Italian cathedral to hear better playing than poor mine," he said. "Your organ is a fine one; it should never be silent a day."

"It never should be if I had my choice," said Sir Fielding eagerly, "and you should be its interpreter, Mr. Durant. It is waste of words to assure you that the greatest service you can do me is to use the Hall and everything pertaining to it with the utmost freedom. Besides the organ, I am afraid we have nothing to tempt you in the slightest; but if that does, let me entreat of you not to resist it."

Maurice Durant bowed his head.

"Your hospitality is Arabian, Sir Fielding," he said. "But, as regards the organ, let me remind you that you have one who can interpret it nearer home," and he turned with a slight smile to Maud, who was standing with her hands clasped, gazing thoughtfully at the keys, her ears drinking in eagerly the tones of Maurice Durant's voice.

She looked up with earnest eyes, in which the tear drops still glistened, and, shaking her head, said:

"I shall never touch it again. It would be desecration."

He shook his head.

"You make me regret my little theme," he said. "If you will retract your declaration, and will permit me, I will send you the score for it."

She looked up with a flush of pleasure.

"If you will send it me I will try to play it," she said earnestly.

"Good," he said, smiling. "It is a contract. I will write it for you to-night."

"Ah," said Sir Fielding, catching at the admission, "then it is your own composition?"

But there came a pause, and Sir Fielding, regretting his hasty speech, recalled attention to the pictures. But canvas, glowing as it might be, was but poor game after the rich repast they had enjoyed; and, although Maurice Durant seemed willing to examine the masterpieces closely, Sir Fielding was anxious to take him into the library, and Chudleigh to get him to the piano. Maud had sunk into a seat and let them go on without her. She could still see them and hear every word spoken, however.

"That is a fine piece of coloring," said Maurice Durant, looking at a dark Dutch landscape. "You have a fine collection, Sir Fielding," he added—"the older ones, especially."

"The more modern ones are in the smaller corridor leading to the library," said Sir Fielding eagerly. "There are some there you would recognize, I have no doubt. Shall we go?—that is, if you are not wearied."

And he led the way down a smaller oaken staircase than the one they had ascended by.

"That is the nearest way to the smaller gallery," said Sir Fielding. "It ——" He broke off suddenly to turn round with astonishment, which soon changed to alarm as he saw Maurice Durant, who had not yet commenced descending, leaning against the heavy balustrade in an attitude of terror or some other strong emotion, his face livid as death, even to the lips, and his eyes, which were fixed on a small painting of a woman's head, all ablaze with light.

Chudleigh turned at the same moment, and, uttering an exclamation of alarm, hurried to Maurice Durant's side. At the same moment Maud sprang from the recess.

"Papa, papa!" she cried in agony. "He is ill, he is dying!"

And, as if forgetful of everything but the distorted face, she flung herself on her knees and seized Durant's hand, which hung rigid and lifeless at his side. At the sound of her voice, and still more at the touch of her trembling hand, the stricken man lowered his eyes from the staring, mocking ones of the picture, and with seemingly a tremendous effort overcame the thralls which bound him. Standing upright and pressing his closed hand against his heart, he turned with a smile upon his curved lips to the terrified Sir Fielding, who exclaimed:

"Good Heavens! What is the matter? Are you ill, Maurice?" using in the excitement of the moment the simple name that had once been so familiar.

"A mere trifle," was the reply, in hoarse yet regular tones. "I am unfit for polite society, Sir Fielding; I frighten it. A mere nothing," he continued, holding up his hands with a gesture almost of command, as Sir Fielding was about to speak. "A sudden pain at the heart with which I am on intimate terms. I beg you not to distress yourself further concerning it; it is the veriest trifle, the merest puff of wind ——"

And, for the first time since they had seen him, he laughed a low laugh of strange, subtle music that thrilled through them somewhat as the wailing of the organ had done.

"And now for the smaller corridor," he said abruptly. "You have piqued my curiosity, Sir Fielding, and I am anxious to satisfy it."

And he turned aside without glancing even in the direction either of the small picture before which he had succumbed or at the beautiful girl who had flown to his side, and who stood at a little distance gazing on his face with a reverent solicitude. Perhaps the avoidance on both sides was intentional.

TO BE CONTINUED.

I WONDER WHAT WILL BECOME OF ME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY THEO. S. DOBBS.

I'm a miserable tramp, that's what they all say,
And what everyone says of course must be true;
I hear it almost every hour in the day,
And I'm used to it now—it isn't anything new.
My appearance, of course, speaks louder than words,
And I'm supposed, like the birds, to be merry and free;
But as for a home, I'm worse off than the birds—
And I wonder what will become of me.

To look at me now one scarcely would think
That I ever was blessed with good friends and good fare;
And as for the reason—'twas not exactly the drink,
Though that, in my downfall, has done its full share.
The fact is, I lost heart with the death of my wife,
And the little ones followed their mother, you see,
And then I got tired and weary of life—
And I wonder what will become of me.

I tell you it's easy, this going down hill;
When you once get a going it's hard work to stop;
To try and keep up you must have a strong will,
And there's more at the bottom than there is at the top
Just now, as for me, I suppose it's too late
To change, for I'm as low as I ever can be;
Well, well, who can tell? Perhaps it's my fate—
Still I wonder what will become of me.

There's one thing that's certain, the end must soon come,
And the sooner the better—I hope it is near,
For then I will have some sort of a home,
And that's more than for years I ever had here.
My old mother, when I was a boy years ago,
Used to tell me of God as I stood at her knee,
And I cannot help thinking (of course I don't know)
That he'll take care of even a poor wretch like me.

THE LADY OF WRENSWOOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY ETTIE ROGERS.

During the more propitious days of three seasons of the year Wrenswood was a popular resort for those who were fond of gathering wild flowers, chopping-chestnuts and Autumn-leaves. Therefore, one fine October afternoon, I was not surprised to find a lovely and lonely occupant in my favorite nook among the bright and spicy trees by the bank of the still, amber stream that threaded the pretty wood. The lady I found there was a stranger—a magnificent blonde. Her tall figure was as perfect as that of a sculptured Venus; and her statuesque head and passionate face, in poise and contour, reminded one of an Ideal Greek Muse. Her lips were like two rose-leaves—dewy, delicately red and dangerously tempting. Her eyes were as deliciously blue and brilliant as the warm October sky, and her gold-bronze hair was coiled in a mass of glittering ripples back from a forehead daintily white and velvety.

This beautiful woman with the tragic and passionate Greek face wore rich and elegant garments of soft, silky gray; and as she sat in picturesque solitude on a mossy knoll she sang in a rare, sweet voice the fragment of some old love-song, weaving meanwhile, with slender, jeweled fingers, a chaplet of crimson maple-leaves that were scattered over and about her like dashes of blood-stains. Presently she looked up and saw me, and as she paused in her song and her pretty work together, I instinctively touched my hat and turned to leave the place.

"*Je vous souhaite le bon jour, monsieur*," she said softly; and I fancied her tones and manner implied a wish for me to remain.

"*Pardonnez moi mais notre que de parler*," I responded after a moment's hesitation; for I was not averse to know something more of this marvelously fair and mysterious lady.

Her rose-leaf lips dimpled with a delicious smile, and then, with a sudden movement of pride and dignity, she arose as if to go away.

"I know," she said; "this is your own little wood of all. You read here every day. You must not go."

"But I must not spoil your enjoyment," I insisted, pointing to the gathered maple-leaves that had fallen in a blood-red shower at her feet.

"My poor leaves," she returned. "I had quite forgotten them."

"Pray remain," I ple

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

MANSEMOND., Philadelphia.—John R. Scott did not play Gio during the original run, and the piece seems not to have been revived until twenty-eight months later. The nearest we can come to his playing it is on Sept. 13, 1855, when, at the Chatham Theatre, the piece was up for his benefit; but he played O'Neil the Great in the first piece, and the late Wm. M. Foster played Gio in the second. Probably this is the night you have reference to. You should have given the name of the city, the theatre, and about the time. You may mean Boston, for aught you have told us. Your neglect has caused us to spend six hours hunting up one theatre alone.

IKE, Buffalo.—Sayers' right arm was badly hurt, but it was not broken in his fight with Heenan. 2. In the thirty-seventh round, when Sayers was in a dangerous position on the ropes, the ring was broken in by his friends, and the referee left the ground. Five more rounds were fought in scrambling fashion without a referee, the ring being half filled with people, when Sayers was helped over the ropes and was declared beaten. Had the referee performed his whole duty, he would have awarded the fight to the American when the ring was broken into, as Heenan had unquestionably the best of the contest, which fact he (the referee) entitled him to such decision.

ROGERS, Lansingburg.—"The Pretty Perfumer" is more correctly placed as a farce than on the higher plane of comedy. It indulges in broad exaggerations, a species of lay opera bouffe or farcical opera which descends in some cases, by reason of its absurdities and grotesque action, to the lowest level of extravaganza. It departs from realism, which is necessary, with a humorous development of the main incidents of the story, to give us comedy. In musical opera, low comedy often finds an expression, especially in the works of the bouffe class, and it is also a recognized feature in comic operas of a higher grade.

IGNORAMUS, Chippewa Falls.—It would be useless for you to write to painters unless you are prepared to become a pupil and pay for your tuition. If you have any talent, there are books published from which you can glean primary instruction; and, when you have made suitable progress, you may be able to get a living in some large city as a draughtsman, and have opportunities and leisure to gratify your ambition of becoming a painter. Gentlemen of that profession do not dress in any uniform way.

J. J. R., Hannibal.—Ned O'Baldwin and Jim Mace were twice matched to fight—once in England and afterwards in this country—for championship honors. On the first occasion Mace was arrested in London a few hours before the start for the fighting-ground was to have been made and the second time the men met in a ring at Collier Station, West Virginia, but were unable to agree upon a referee. In both instances the full amount of the stakes was posted, and both matches were terminated without blows having been exchanged.

OPERATOR.—The deal stands good. A scores what he has made. The tricks should have been searched to discover which one had a card too many played to it, and that card, if found, should have been assigned to the dealer's. B's objection is strained. Were his argument sound, all that need be done to prevent a player from scoring a game he was clearly about to win would be for an opponent to play two cards at once, or otherwise rid himself of a card.

J. A., Brooklyn.—1. You point out another marked difference in the question asked. When the joker is turned the dealer names the trump that which suits his hand best. 2. If the player has not touched his cards, he can claim a new deal, or he can accept the card. The dealer can not change the latter or the former must accept cards tossed by the dealer, if dealt to themselves.

TEMPLE, Boston.—Flora Temple's best mile time, 2:19¾, made at Kalamazoo, Mich., Oct. 15, 1859. She trotted in Boston on the prize day, 2:23, her fastest being 2:20¾. She trotted at the Agricultural Fair there, against Lancet, in October, 1850, her best being 2:36½. The 4:36½ time was made at the Empire Course, L. I.; but, unlike the others, it was under saddle.

W. T. C., Oswego.—One situated as yourself cannot become an actor. Lack of money, which prevents your abandoning present employment in order to become a member of some stock company, is also a bar to your appearing as a star, as theatres are now conducted, even though you were gifted with the genius for the stage with which man was ever endowed.

A. B., B'lin.—1. Numerous exhibitions of that kind have failed in both this country and in Europe. 2. You would find it very difficult to obtain a suitable place for exhibition in Paris, France, at the time you name. Tent shows are prohibited, and the erection of wooden buildings is not permitted.

DUTCH, Cincinnati.—The twenty-seventh card can become trump at seven-up. If it has been turned before, the cards are to be run to the thirty-fourth, and possibly to the forty-first, according to the number in the handed game. After that there can be no trump turned except by mutual consent.

FAT JOE, Philadelphia.—The Fourth-avenue Railroad was chartered to run cars by horses in 1832. They were being so ran at least as early as 1844, but they were the large or steam cars, and ran only on train time. The first small car run by horses that we can see was about 1852, in which year several roads went into operation here.

WHISKEY POKER, Waco.—C knocked, you write. He could then neither take the trump nor declare no-trump. Having passed the dummy before C knocked, B could not take it. A not wanting it, B could have it turned up as A could for himself after C had knocked for him to draw one card from the top. Your statement is not clear.

H. R., Au Sable.—At the battle of Waterloo the French army, under Napoleon, numbered 71,947 men, with 246 guns; and the allies, commanded by Wellington, 68,000 men, mounted 156 guns, but late in the day the latter were reinforced by 50,000 Prussians, with 104 guns, under the command of Blucher.

CONSTANT READER, Sing Sing.—1. We have not heard that any particular professional has formally claimed that distinction. Several doubtless consider themselves "those." 2. There have been so many bogus "histories" of that kind that we have not thought it worth while to publish accounts of them.

NO THOROUGHFARE.—"No Thoroughfare," with W. J. Florence as Obenreizer, was produced at Booth's Theatre March 3, 1873, and acted until the 17th, which were the last times that Mr. Florence performed in that drama in this city.

C. M. C., Providence.—1. You should inquire of someone in your city. It is impossible for us to keep a record of laws, which differ in different communities. 2. In this State, for example, the legislature has no longer the exclusive power to change a man's name.

E. G. M., Boston.—C. W. Couldock has been traveling for three months and more with the Boucicault Comedy Company, which has disbanded. On Dec. 22, he joins the Fifth-avenue Theatre Company, this city. Watch our amusement columns. No answers by mail.

C. J., Troy.—To escape the services of a player expelled for crooked work is unworthy of any reputable management. To do so in 1878 will cause it to debar your club from playing any of the League, League-alliance or any International club's team.

J. L.—1. Search the various music stores; and if you cannot find it, an advertisement will probably procure one. 2. Yes. 3. We have no knowledge of the matter. A letter addressed to the manager of that troupe, in care of this office, will reach him.

T. P. S., Jackson.—There is no science about either whist or euchre. Those who play whist and do not play cribbage do what whist is more difficult to play, and vice-versa. Either words, it is a matter of opinion, and we do not undertake to express ours.

ADAMS'S, Jersey City.—It should be pronounced Don Kroot by people who are endeavoring to speak English. People who are endeavoring to speak Spanish should pronounce it Don Ke-o-tay. Accent in both cases as shown by the italics.

CONSTANT READER, Allentown.—There have been at three "Hoyles" printed and sold in book-form. No answer can be given as to what a player who is ordered up (46) to cribbage can go alone.

—, Peoria.—1. Born in New York, June 21, 1845. Has been in the stage business since he was three and a half years old. 2. Watch our variety summary. 3. She declines giving photography to the public.

GILLEY, St. Louis.—Jim Taylor fought Dan Carr and Mike Madden in 1873. He was 1 to fight "Red-handed Mike" in 1874, but the latter arrested the day before the time set for the mill.

L., Montreal.—1. Not to any one that we know of. 2. Edward Mollineaux died in 1866, with Dingess & Green's Minstrels. 3. M. Johnson, formerly of Bruno and Johnson, Cooper of Cargill and Cooper, are now partners.

L. A. Dee.—The last paper we ever described that was a hand in cribbage, or that four fives and a knob counted 29. No five cards that can be held count 27. Two combined count 29.

GODFREY.—An actor, when not performing, is an individual, whose whereabouts should be unknown.

—, Miss Minnie Palmer has not been playing this season.

Rosedale.—1. It is a sweep when the player's share all those on the board. 2. A can call he need not play the card. 3. Badger is a character part. eccentric comedy.

Pompelloffard.—1. Address Harper Brothers, Hook & Jevons, 74 Beaver street, are agents banners running there, and they will furnish

Chicago.—1. B and C play always with the It is not a blind. It is a stroke. If A is touched, the striker can play for safety; if he cannot.

S. Rosedale.—1. Harry Allen, brother of in this country. 2. It was James Edmahan, Eng., who beat R. Allen, Massey, others.

—, Chicago had a population of Buffalo 117,115. There has been no U. last year. 2. Of the Appletons or the

L. Milford.—It was reported that she did dence is to be placed upon the reports fices, which we do not accept as record. own.

—.—We do not know positively, but likely be Brown, Bond, Morrell, Burre Wright, Leonard, O'Rourke and

Shaffer.—We know of no better way than by having the party referred to test—if he is foolish enough to at-

—, same check blind calls for four by agreement, it calls for six of spades blind and the straddler, gin in error.

—, la "skunk al." His jack, even, if s have counted before A's high

—, Joseph Jefferson, because the other ter in this city, and probably ent to do so.

—, is no such circus now in existtany of the late company in them.

—, Museum on Broadway stroyed by fire on the night of

—, upon the attractiveness ty. It as a matter of private beard.

—, ase space to print rules of as per his card. He publishing others.

—, Standing 3, 6, 2, 1, 4, 7, 5, —, and the player of the

—, ex-Senator Norton him—, which people's wealth is

—, Both players being at —, e nearly two to one

—, has been leader at Wal—, 14,26-7. Edward Mol—, for three seasons. —, of what you claim to —, can be made availa—, mechanicians' —, are not out, if your —, 2. The two bottom —, d lay-out. —, None person can an—, newer questions as

—, matter what he had —, what he had in

—, Chicago had a population of 112,172 in 1870, and 298,963 in 1875, an increase since the Harpers, this city.

JACOB C. WILSON.—1. There is no depot of such exhibition as the bet should be d—.

LEADER, Fort Hu—, the team will meet —, dock, Sutton, Geo— Shaffer.

YOUNG HAWK, Roc—, to decide the matter—, undertake the experiment at—, tempt it.

ROY.—A straddle o— checks. Occasionally, checks, or twice the su— but this idea had its—.

S. W. DEAN, Rome.—B— made at once, would n— and low.

R. M., Portland.—Jo— never acted that chara— could not get an engagem—.

G. L., Ottawa.—Th— ence. Letters addressed care of this office will reach—.

F. J. K., Brooklyn.—Bar— above sports on street will be de— March 3, 1878.

SKELETON.—Salary depen— and reputation of the curiosity—ement who shall pay the—.

JAMES D., Phila.—We have— games. Address Ed. James, lishes a book with those rules—.

BLACK BASS, Brooklyn.—The— 5, the player of the odd goes into— 3 on a run of seven.

E. W. R., Allegheny.—Address— self. This city is not a village in— known to their neighbors.

CONSTANT READER, Richmond—, at five-card cribbage, the odd— the two dealer will win the game—.

E. H., Rutland.—Thomas Baker— lack's; this city, since the season o— leshauer was his predecessor there—.

J. L., East Canaan.—The value— have accomplished is incalculable, it— ble on a large scale. Why not consult—.

RAM ROVE, Yonguestown.—You— opponent can make high and low— cards are the lay-out, if it is a two-ca—.

INGOMAR, Philadelphia.—We do no— swer these questions. 2. We never a— to the circulation of newspapers.

NEW YORK BOY.—A is enchred, no m— in his hand. He should have found o— his hand before he played a card.

CONSTANT READER, Providence.—Hav— he gave, B is out on his high, which c— jack, in the score.

J. J., EWALT, Martinsville.—We do no— dress of the party named; but John H— N. J., breeds them.

R. J., CHEARY, Newark.—Your opponent— three he gave enabled him to count his— could count your jack, and also the high—.

TARGETS, Alleghany.—If A will score one to— and A will score two if he makes three, four— A could not go alone.

CLARK, Louisville.—It was I. Lawrence Barr '61, and not George Richard, who went to San Francisco, Cal., on Jarrett & Palmer's fast train.

G. G., Cumberland.—1. No pl— S. couples since the— Harpers, this city.

JACOB C. WILSON.—1. There is no depot of such exhibition as the bet should be d—.

LEADER, Fort Hu— the team will meet— dock, Sutton, Geo— Shaffer.

YOUNG HAWK, Roc— to decide the matter— undertake the experiment at—

FOOTBALL.

FOOTBALL vs. LACROSSE.

The college football season is over, and Yale—as in 1876—carries off the honors, having practically defeated Princeton by one touch-down to nothing, though it was technically termed a drawn match. Yale defeated the teams of Stevens, Tufts and Trinity Colleges; Harvard defeated the Canadian team from McGill's College and the Columbia fifteen, as also that of Tufts College; Princeton defeated Harvard and Columbia, while the Stevens team defeated New York College twice and Rutgers once, having a technical draw also with the latter. Columbia defeated Stevens and Rutgers teams, and had a technical draw with Yale. Their Freshmen had a draw with New York College, and won a game from the Polytechnic Institute eleven. The New York College lost two games to Stevens' one to the Polytechnic, and had a draw with the Columbia Freshmen. Amherst won a game from Tutt's College, while practice matches were played by Williams, Cornell, Brown, Bowdoin, Wesleyan, Dartmouth, and the universities of Pennsylvania, Michigan and California. The principal contests which have taken place in the metropolis were the meetings at Hoboken between Harvard and Princeton, Harvard and Columbia, Princeton and Columbia, and Princeton and Yale, the latter drawing the largest assemblage of spectators ever seen at a match in this city. Games, too, have been played at Prospect Park—a fine football field—between the Polytechnic Institute and Columbia and New York Colleges. The record of games won, lost and drawn stands as follows:

Colleges.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Colleges.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.
Yale	3	0	1	Polytechnic	1	1	0
Harvard	3	1	0	Rutgers	0	2	1
Stevens	3	2	1	New York	0	3	1
Columbia	3	1	1	Tufts	0	3	0
Princeton	2	0	1	Trinity	0	1	0
Amherst	1	0	0	McGill	0	1	0

Several severe injuries have marked the brief season's contests. Players have been ruptured, bruised, and sprained, to a degree which has called the attention of the faculty to the dangerous character of the game. Why this game, which under the existing rules is little else than a rough-and-tumble series of wrestling encounters for the possession of the ball, can be preferred to the American Indian game of lacrosse, with its field for graceful movements and strategic play, with even more pedestrian exercise than football admits of, and entirely without its rough and dangerous features, is a mystery to some.

FOOTBALL MATCH.

The elevens belonging to the Polytechnic Institute and New York College played a game of football at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, on Saturday, Dec. 15. The contesting teams were made up as follows: *Polytechnic*—Englis (Captain), Ely, Laidlaw, Atkinson, Black, Field, forwards; Osborne, Murray, Jenkins, half-backs; Ladd, W. Field, backs. *N. Y. College*—Hall (Captain), Conroy, E. Bunz, Fabrigon, Friedenberg, Rayner, forwards; Biddian, Ryer, O. Bunz, half-backs; Wagster, Langbein, backs. The contest was an extremely lively one, the sides being very evenly matched, and savage assaults upon either goal were frequent, while the scrimmages and charges resulted in severe bodily injuries, particularly to the Polytechnic boys. The first forty-five minutes passed without a point being made by either team, and they fought almost as long in the second half before the Brooklyn boys secured a touch-down, which gave them the victory, as nothing was afterwards gained. The New-Yorkers claimed foul on this play, but the referee decided against them, and after the contest conceded that they indulged in an unseemly exhibition of ill-feeling by hissing that gentleman, who was Mr. Crane of Columbia College; and Mr. Painter for Polytechnic, Mr. Godwin for New York.

ROLLER SKATING.—The special entertainment given at the Brooklyn Rink on the night of Dec. 15 was marked by a fine exhibition of the beauties of the art. The performer was Professor Kynock, who, by the brilliant manner in which he executed the most difficult movements of the figure-skating programme, and the manly grace which characterized his performance throughout, enhanced his reputation. The entertainment was witnessed by a numerous and fashionable assemblage, and the appause was liberal. The programme opened with a character act by a lady professional, entitled "The Sylph," which, with the varied colored calcium light effects and accompanied by something like a spirited performance of the character represented, would have been a feature of the entertainment. As it was, however, it was simply an exhibition of a lady skater's movements in a few figures attired in an ordinary white dress, which made the personation anything but sylph-like in appearance. Among the graceful lady experts present were the Misses St. George, Van Pelt, and Wood, Nestar, and Mrs. Meade, the latter of whom attracted special attention.

N. Y. A. C. SPORTS.—Entries are coming in thick and fast for the series of open amateur games to be held by the New York Athletic Club at Gilmore's Garden this city, Jan. 4, 5. The professional international tug-of-war, open to teams of five representing different nationalities, for prizes of $50 to first, $30 to second, $20 to third, no entrance-fee, has found much favor in the eyes of our men of muscle, and from present indications it will be a most exciting contest. Entries close Dec. 27, and should be made to A. H. Curtis, Box 3,101, N. Y. P. O.

NEW ATHLETIC CLUB.—A number of gentlemen residing in Port Chester, N. Y., and vicinity, on Friday, Dec. 7, met and organized a club to be known as the Westchester Athletic Club. There are at present twenty members, and the prospects are encouraging. The following officers were elected: President, W. W. S. Roome; vice-president, C. E. Wight; corresponding secretary, A. A. Simons; recording secretary, H. Henderson; treasurer, P. O. Brush.

HANDBALL.—A match for the championship of Passaic County took place at Wilkinson's Handball Court, Paterson, N. J., Dec. 13, between Bernard Secord of Paterson and Francis Frain of Passaic. A large crowd of the lovers of the game assembled, and betting ran high, being two to one in favor of Scott, who won by the following score: Scott—8, 21, 21, 21, 16, 16, 21, 21—145. Frain—21, 8, 13, 7, 21, 21, 14, 7—112. Several matches are booked for the present week.

BEAR VS. BAUER.—As will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere Thiebaud Bauer is announced to appear in public as the opponent of the wrestling bear at the Theatre Francais, this city, Wednesday evening, Dec. 19. This affair has been brewin' for some time, and if the people will but come forward liberally with the dollars, it will be but the beginning of a series in which that "fresh batch" of French wrestlers may be counted upon to figure.

ABOUT SIX THOUSAND PERSONS witnessed a Lancashire wrestling match for £20 a side, between Joseph Acton and William Petty, at the Higginshaw Grounds, Oldham, London, Eng., Dec. 1. Acton, who for a number of years has held the position of middle-weight champion, took the first fall in 21½ minutes, and the second in 9 minutes, thus winning the match. E. Buckley was referee.

POLICE ATHLETIC CLUB.—The programme for the annual indoor meeting of this club, to be held at the American Institute Building Jan. 7, is as follows: 100, 220 and 880 yards run; mile run; 220 yards hurdle race; 220 yards run and mile walk, open to members weighing over 200; sparring, wrestling and fencing. Medals will reward the winners of the events.

THE ST. JOHN (N. B.) SNOWSHOE CLUB was organized last week by the election of the following officers for one year: President, F. B. Hazen; vice-president, John N. Thornton; secretary, and treasurer, E. T. Sturdee; committee of management, W. L. Busby, Wm. Z. Earle and Fred. H. Hartt.

BEN SCHULZ (Rodgers) and John Thomas' 100 yards spin, the latter to receive five yards start, takes place at Trenton, N. J., on Christmas afternoon.

DRAMATIC.

Continued from page 311.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, Worcester, Eng., erected two or three years ago, was destroyed by fire on the morning of Nov. 24. Miss Sarah Thorne, who held a seven years' lease of the establishment, is a heavy loser, she having a few days previously had the scenery and appointments for two different pantomimes brought to the theatre. She also lost a great many dresses and other property. The "Pygmalia and Galatea" company had been performing there during the week. The theatre was insured for £3,000, but it is thought that it will not be rebuilt.

CHARLES CALVERT was on Nov. 26 presented by the members of the company engaged in the representation of "Henry VIII." at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., with an elegantly-illuminated address.

"JANE SHORE" was revived at the Princess' Theatre, London, Nov. 24, with Miss Heath as the heroine.

"SARDANAPALUS" is now the attraction at the Duke's Theatre, London, Arthur Darley appearing in the title-role, Miss Gainsborough as Myrrha, Henry Moxon as Salemeus, and Miss Emma Masson as the Queen.

MUSICAL.

"L'ETOILE" is the name of a new opera-bouffe just produced at the Bouffes Parisiens, Paris. The title does not refer, as the word would naturally suggest, to an *etoile du chant*, but to the unlucky star under which, according to a certain court astrologer, the monarch of a vague empire is to die within 24 hours after the death of a young peddler, who is about to be executed. MM. Leterrier and Vanloo have constructed a three-thoroughly amusing acts, which have been set to music by an untried composer, M. Chabrier.

"RUY BLAS" proved a failure at Her Majesty's Theatre, London.

PONCHIELLI'S new opera called "Lina" has met with very moderate success at the Dal Verme Theatre, in Milan, Italy.

MARIETTA VENTURI RICORDI, widow of the celebrated Milanese music publisher, died at Blevio, on the Lake of Como, Nov. 9.

MME. D'ARALDI, aged 75, once celebrated as an operatic vocalist, died recently in Paris, France.

MLLE. RITA SANGALLI, premiere danseuse at the Paris Opera, and well known in America, is studying opera singing under Madame Anna De Lagrange.

THE DEATH of a well-known Italian composer, Pietro Antonio Coppola, is announced. "La Nina Pazza per Amore" is the title of his most famillar work. Coppola was aged 85 years.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. H. WOODFIELD, known to Americans as a prima tenore and opera bouffe artist, has not retired, as has been stated. From April 30 to June 30 last he sustained the part of Pierre in "Madame sans Gene" at the Alhambra, London, Eng., but afterwards declined to complete his engagement in consequence of differences between him and Mr. Mapleson of Her Majesty's Opera house, who had sought to secure his entire services. Mr. Woodfield has since brought an action against Mr. Mapleson for breach of contract, claiming heavy damages. The case will probably soon come up for trial.

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Has a few open dates in January and February.
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WHEELING, W. VA.
(late Hamilton Opera-house).
This well-known and popular house of amusement, the only one in the city, has recently been purchased by the undersigned. The house has been thoroughly
RENOVATED WITH NEW SCENERY,
and is now open for engagements for the ensuing season. All communications should be addressed to
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COMPANY WANTED FOR
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
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Season commences JANUARY 7, 1878. ARTISTS OF ACKNOWLEDGED ABILITY will please address immediately to MORRIS SIMMONDS, Dramatic Agent,
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FRANK BUTLER, the Rifle-shot of the East, with his Trick Dog of the world, making all shots that can be made with a rifle, shooting potatoes off his dog's head; also introducing him in his challenge baseball act and several other tricks, having closed a successful engagement at Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, is now open for engagements in first-class variety theatres. Address FRANK BUTLER,
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MUSICIANS WANTED
for theatre business in adjoining city. B FLAT CORNETIST, who can lead, and PICCOLO and FLUTE, required to solos. MUST BE FIRST-CLASS and well up in the business. None others need apply.
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MASTER TONY WHITE,
THE CHAMPION BOY DRUMMER,
who carries the champion medals, can be engaged. Drum Solo, Zylophone Solo, Monkey Acts and Comedian.
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IF ALL WERE LOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

"Could you love me just the same?"
"Yes, I could," she said.
"Though you bore no honored name,
And your wealth had fled."
"Could you, could you, little girl,
Are you sure you should?"
But she shook each sunny curl,
Answering: "Yes, I could."

"Youth is happy, dear, you know,
Age is drear and dread.
Could you love me if 'twere so?"
"Yes, I could," she said.

"Could you love me if stern care
Marred our wedded lot?"
"I should help you, dear, to bear,"
Answered she: "Why not?"

Still I would the thought pursue:
"If my all were lost,
Could you, dear, to me be true,
Were I tempest-tossed?"
"Does the needle from the pole
Waver when the ship
Tosses angrily?" her soul
Answered on her lip.

Crept she softly to my side,
Nestling down her head
As she thus to me replied,
Ere the words she said.
Years have passed for us since then,
True, and fair and good;
Happiest I of living men,
Now I know she could.

LA BELLE AMERICAINE.

A CALIFORNIAN STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER BY
RICHMOND THATCHER, THE AUSTRALIAN AGENT.

CHAPTER VI.

A BENEFIT AND LAST FAREWELL.

The last week of Fanny's engagement was a busy one for the Republican. Business had never been slack during her reign; but when it was fully established that she was going, the furor that had marked her debut was renewed. High prices were again obtained for particular seats, and speculators invested in tickets with an eye to a rise in their value, and were not disappointed. Everybody declared that "The Marshall" had never acted her best before; that the light which was about to be extinguished, so far as they were concerned, shone most brilliantly just as it was to be lost forever. Certainly, she never exhibited such fire and vehemence—she seemed to live in a fever of excitement—taking a fierce pleasure in packing up and making preparations for the intended voyage. Her dresses, as soon as the part was played for the last time in which they would be required at the Republican, were carefully stowed away in trunks, ostentatiously labeled with her name as passenger, per Thracian, for Liverpool. Mr. Spofford had some European experience, and she never tired of questioning him about the places she intended to visit, and the probabilities of her making a "hit." She was more demonstrative if Leslie happened to be present, and that was pretty often, for Mr. Herbert had written a successful book, full of personage and dry transatlantic humor; and, as he had given up the drudgery of the press, he had plenty of time to devote to his research after experience and incidents, and he evidently drew, or imagined he drew, much information from the theatres.

"Mr. Spofford," she said one day, "do you think I shall be able to get Boucicault or Taylor or any of the big people 'at home'"—in common with many thousands of true-born Americans, she called England by that name—"to write me a piece, or a good part in one?"

Mr. Spofford didn't exactly know, but he suggested that, to make sure of a dramatic author who would write up to her, she had better take Leslie with her.

"Leslie!" she said petulantly, and even scornfully. "What good would he be among such people? He might do for the Gold Coast, to write plays for diggers or cannibals or Yankees, and people who were too busy and too bustling to know what dramatic authorship was; but would a refined audience stand his Brother Jonathan slang?"

Mr. Spofford gave one of his characteristic whistles, and wondered what the little game was.

"Why," he said, "you were hot on Leslie's pieces only a month ago; he was a sucking Shakespeare, and worth ten of any living writers."

"Oh," she replied, "but I have changed my mind; he is spoilt by the little success he has had. I hate him. That book finished him, and he will never get down from the high horse." And she essayed a laugh, which was not a success.

"I wish," thought Mr. Spofford, "she would say spiteful things like that about me. It wouldn't be a bad thing to run her over the water; I'd make dollars out of her."

In fact, Mr. Crouch's factotum would have, as he termed it, "gone in" for Fanny, but there was something about her that warned him courtship would not be a success. However my heroine affected to despise Leslie, she was evidently determined that "The Creole's Revenge" should be mounted as well as possible, and she made extravagant demands on the wardrobe and properties of the theatre, going carefully through the scenic and other effects, demanding new scenery here and fresh dresses there—even, when required, paying for things herself. She ordered special rehearsals, too, for the last farewell performance, at which she requested Mr. Leslie's presence.

"I may as well go out like a rocket," she explained, "and not like a stick. I must show them that I am not played out, if I *am* going away."

The billing of the benefit was Leslie's care; but really little was needed, though it was only put up two days before its occurrence. "An extra night, and positively last appearance of La Belle Americaine previous to her departure, by the Thracian, for Liverpool," was sufficient to cause a rush for tickets. Leslie was fast gaining popularity as a *flaneur* and an acute observer of the humorous. It was his first appearance as a beneficiary, and the public was indebted to him for many a "quaint and curious fancy" and pleasant hour's reading or observation, and the public, when aware of the fact, is rarely backward in repaying its obligations, in spite of what is said to the contrary.

Fanny seemed particularly anxious that her last performance should be her best. She kept the company fully employed for two days preceding the performance attending to her orders and suggestions. The piece had been rehearsed often enough, they thought, but she suggested improvements here and new readings and alterations there, till they were tired. The scenic-artists had their work to do to keep pace with her requirements, and the property-man and wardrobe-keepers, with their assistants, were at their wit's end to fulfill her orders. Mr. Crouch kept the accusing angel pretty busy plying between the theatre and recording office. "What the d——l thunder did she want, getting props that wouldn't come in for anything else? And his flats and things! Why, they would have to play Louisiana pieces for twelve months with those cursed plantation uglinesses on 'em." He only mildly suggested that the supers who were to play plantation-hands in the grand cotton-field scene might use their old togs, or wear some splendid soldiers' coats and jackets which he had bought at a commissariat sale, and Fanny, as he graphically expressed it, "jumped upon him." He swore he would go into the wax-figure or animal business; women paid at times, but, by the ghost of the great Cæsar, they played up more in a day than a menagerie would in a month. "Look here," he confided to a friend, "that woman came here as mild and as pleasant as a mud-turtle, and now she cavorts round like a spotted rhinoceros with his hide scalded, getting up this piece for one night as if it was going to run till the Jubilee. I've got a troupe of infant prodigies coming here next week," he went on; "they pull everything to pieces, and go to sleep just as they're wanted to come on, and they get sick and have to be nursed, and turn the place into a nursery and hospital; but I shall find them a relief and blessing after this one's tantrums."

As Fanny's engagement drew to a close the papers each came out with flaring notices and personal descriptions of her. The press in its commendation was only endorsing public opinion. If she came to the Pacific Coast with a prestige and reputation, she had borne out all that had been said about her.

There was no need to bill the last farewell and benefit of the popular author, Herbert Leslie, Esq., for the daily papers were unanimous in calling attention to the fact, and urging upon the public the advisability of showing their appreciation of their native-born dramatist. And now the engagement was played out, and it only remained for Fanny to appear for the young author's benefit; and thirty hours from the time of her making her final bow she would be steaming out through the Golden Gate, leaving all her troubles and cares behind her, and severing herself from any painful associations. What troubles or cares had she? What painful associations needed severing? She could scarcely tell; she only knew that her peace of mind was gone—that even the tumultuous applause of a delighted and astonished audience failed to gratify her now. Everything seemed to pall upon her, and all was as Dead-sea fruit to her. She was restless and dissatisfied, as if possessed by insomnia. Rest was a stranger to her. She would rise at daybreak and try to exhaust herself before she sought her bed, but she could not be tired. That last night over, she thought, all would be well; she would be on board the next night, and leave early on the following morning.

Across the water she would form new ties—find other friends; and then, she thought, what friends and what ties? She had none. Of all the persons she had come in contact with, she had never exchanged confidence with one. The only time her heart had beaten quicker was for the coming of Leslie, and she thought fiercely how it might have happened if he had been free when she had first met him. But, no! At the thought her teeth clenched involuntarily, and a dangerous gleam shot from her beautiful eyes.

Time passes slowly to some people, but it must pass, and the night of the benefit arrived. Extravagant prices had been paid for good places. People of intelligence and discrimination, who knew they were parting from an artist whose equal they were not likely to see again for some time, if at all, had secured even the parquet and upper circles, and by the time for the performance to commence the whole place looked like one unbroken sea of heads and expectant faces.

Exactly at eight o'clock the curtain rose—the overture hushed, and "The Creole's Revenge" commenced. Fanny's entrance was made soon, for the young planter was waiting for her when the piece commenced. She came on, looking supernaturally bright and radiant, and surveyed the house for a moment. No audience ever saw a fairer sight—one bow of the proud little head, one glance that took in the whole house—her arms folded across her breast, and she turned to extend her hands to her lover, as the play demanded; but the terrific applause forced her to come to the lights once more. Again and again she bowed her acknowledgment to the tornado of cheers and shouts—then, suddenly, as if determined to end them, she went on with the business, heedless of the cries to come forward. The play had always been a favorite, and her acting in it had never failed to move the frequenters of the Republican; but to-night she put such earnestness into the part, and infused such a spirit into the rest of the company, that the piece could scarcely proceed, for cheers and applause.

Leslie had his box on the prompt side of the stage—his wife was by his side, and he watched the play intently. He was thinking that this would be the last time he would see the girl who strangely interested him, who was so gifted, yet seemingly so friendless and forlorn. She was, as it were, wrapped in an impenetrable mantle of reserve which her genius threw around her. Several times during the first act he caught her glance; it seemed difficult for either of them to avoid looking. He felt strangely and unaccountably sad and depressed; why, he did not know. Fanny's anticipated departure gave him some concern—they had passed many friendly hours together, and she had been the principal cause of his success as a dramatist. She was now playing his "first born," the play he would always like better than anything he could write.

The first act concluded, the usual storm of calls and cheers followed, with the appearance of Fanny and the actor representing Darnton. The second act was a repetition of splendid acting and another succession of triumphs for Fanny. At the close of it she was off for nearly an hour till the latter part of the third act. Leslie was sitting in his box, and turned to walk towards the circle door to have a stroll till the curtain rose again, when the prompter's boy appeared with a few words penciled on one of Fanny's cards—"Come round for a few moments." He walked round the front of the house and down the narrow lane leading to the back of the stage, passed through the door and up the dingy staircase, then along till he came to the "star's" door. He knocked and was told to enter, and in a moment he stood before Fanny Hessler—La Belle Americaine.

Well she deserved the title as she rose and extended her hand. Her bosom was still heaving with the exertion of the "part," rising and falling with a regular but rapid motion. Her eyes, always bright and beautiful, now shone with a loveliness that seemed not of this earth. Her cheeks and face were stained slightly, but the lovely color showed through the dye, and her lips, half parted by heavy breathing, needed no vermilion to make them brilliantly red. Several newspapers lay about, and the hood and mantle for her disguise were, with some copies of illustrated papers containing her likeness, on a side-table. She was evidently excited, for she rose at his entrance and took his hand in both hers.

"Mr. Leslie—Herbert," she said, "I sent for you; I could not help it."

CHAPTER VII.—NOT IN "THE BILL."

"Madam," he said, "Miss Marshall ——"

"Call me 'Fanny!'" she broke in passionately. "Why should there be any cold conventionality between us? Herbert, I must speak, or my heart will break. I love you, Herbert—do not start; for weeks—aye, months—my heart has been a raging hell, and I have determined to still it forever. I speak to you as an artist. They say I am possessed of genius; they tell me, even in the public papers, that I am beautiful; take my beauty, call my genius yours—for they are yours, as my soul is."

She had been so passionate, so vehement, that he had not been able to prevent the outbreak; but now she paused, and Leslie drew himself up.

"I suppose," he said coldly, but compassionately, "you have forgotten that I am the husband of a loving and honored wife?"

"I know," she cried. "I am prepared for the homily. "You will tell me of the sacred rites of the Church, of your duty and devotion—spare yourself and me, Herbert," she went on, advancing towards him, "hear me; you are bound to a woman ——"

He held up his hands in deprecation, entreatingly, but she bore him down as it were.

"It's true; you are bound, tied, by a mere empty form, to an uncongenial, soulless being, no more fit to be a helpmate to you than a statue. Why not break the spell? Why sacrifice yourself and me? Come with me. To-morrow we will be on the blue waters, our souls joined irrevocably, our hearts beating with one emotion, our future assured, and a glorious career before us, each in our respective roles."

She laid her hand, her beautiful, soft, delicate hand, on his arm, but he shook it off, no rudely, but firmly.

"Am I such a monster," she asked, "that you dread my touch? Look at that," pointing to a well-executed portrait and florid description of her charms in an illustrated paper. "Do I realize that description?"

"Yes," he said, "and perhaps more than realize it. But listen. Were you a thousand times as lovely—were you a houri of Paradise—had you the genius of every woman who ever trod a stage, you could be no more to me than a friend, for whom, since your unhappy confession, I could only have pity—for whom I could only wish better and purer thoughts, and a discontinuance of a passion that degrades you."

"No," she answered defiantly; "I deny it; it ennobles me. I offer you not a guilty love, an impure passion, but a heart, a companionship, a release from a thraldom. Fly with me," send that woman ——"

He would have stopped her, but she ignored his remonstrance.

"Send her the thousands of dollars I have saved—give her all that I possess, and she will console herself. I will give her a thousand times the price at which she values your genius and talents. I will purchase you," she said bitterly. "She was first in the market, and has made a bargain. One week and she will have forgotten you, and we ——"

"I will not hear this," Leslie broke in. "I should be no man if I allowed you to forget yourself, your sex, your duty, and womanhood by such unhappy and wicked ravings."

"Unhappy and wicked? No, Leslie, you mistake me; there is not an impure thought," she said, "in my mind. I am only seeking to rescue a life, to release a heart, that will be lost to its owner and the world. You are young and do not feel the depression yet, but you cannot live a life of cheerless, unappreciated loneliness; you were not made for such a fate. Hitherto I have found that 'life is a lie, and love a cheat;' you must have experienced the same feelings, even if they were yet undefined; but together, with you to create and me to embody your creations with life and reality, we shall be famous; we will take the world by storm, and satisfy the cravings for success and appreciation that are inseparable from true genius."

She had spoken fast and with force, and now stopped as a counsel who has stated his case, and Leslie could speak without interruption.

"Madam," he said impressively and calmly, "your argument, if I can so term what you yourself will look back upon at no distant time as raving, is based upon misapprehension, and your premises are as wrong as they must be false and without any foundation. So far from being a lonely, uncheered, and unappreciated man, I am a happy, loving and loved husband, who, had he the choice of the whole of earth's creatures, would again select the fond wife he possesses."

"Not true, not true," she muttered.

"This explanation," he continued, "is wrung from me; I have no need, perhaps no right, to make it; it is made in pity, and Heaven knows I never thought such a feeling for Miss Marshall would ever enter my mind."

"Have you no other feeling than pity, Herbert?" she said.

"Any other would be neither manly nor honest," he answered, "as it cannot take the form of respect."

"It is akin to love."

"More often allied to contempt."

"No, no," she pleaded; 'do not say that. Your indifference kills me, but your contempt would crush me; the pain and degradation would keep me alive to endure the agony. O Herbert! think seriously—why should we both be lost? Give yourself to the world, to fame, and to *me*. You do not know what the effect of a loving, adoring woman and a kindred spirit would have upon you as a writer. Herbert," she went on softly, and her beautiful hand was on his arm; her face lovely in its earnest expressiveness, was turned to his; her appealing eyes were full upon him—her breath came hot upon his cheek. She thought she was to be victorious. "Herbert," she whispered, and a world of love, tenderness, passion and appeal was expressed in the word, "let me save you—break a simple, foolish thread that binds you as if it were an iron cable—be true to yourself and your duty; such talents as yours are lost here; they will shine with undimmed brightness in the East where genius is appreciated."

Calmly and coolly, without a quiver in his voice, without acknowledging the siren, and seeing only the erring, misguided woman, Herbert Leslie disengaged her arm, and said:

"Miss Marshall, there must be an end to this. I am perfectly and thoroughly content with such appreciation as I get from the people of my native country. I am as well content with the love and obedience I receive from my own lawful and dear wife. You, temptress as you are, show me higher honor, larger reward, and joys which you consider more than equivalent to domestic peace and hallowed love. I may be blind, but I see nothing to allure me even with such a living impersonation of all that is lovely before me," and he smiled sadly. "No; forget this; be yourself. In the country for which you leave to-morrow—and goodness knows I shall regret your departure—there are many noble and talented men; you will forget this infatuation, which I must be modest and call foolishness."

"No, no," she sobbed; "never."

"You will," he repeated, "you will laugh at your folly. You will write to your old friend and tell him you have bestowed the love and the heart, of which any honorable man may well be proud, on some bright ornament of the world of letters. All your ambition, your desire for fame, will be satisfied, and some day, perhaps, when I have made a name in this my native land, and with it enough dollars to take a trip to the old country, we may meet."

"Nevermore," she cried. "Herbert Leslie, you spurn me!"

"Not spurn," he said.

"You refuse me. You may be right; but if you think I am an ordinary woman, with a lackadaisical preference for a married man—a wicked, lustful passion—you are wrong. My love for you is for your genius and talents, for your abilities. Reconsider your verdict. Ask your proud heart."

"I have no proud heart. I am simply an honorable man.

"A miserable, unhappy one, tied to a living corpse."

"Silence!" he said. "I will not hear such words. Had it not been that this is the last time I may see you, I would not have stayed to hear your tale, which dishonors us both. I am going now, and will say good-bye. I wish you a safe voyage, a prosperous career in the dear old land that I have never seen, but whose associations are my dearest treasures; and lastly, I wish you forgetfulness of this miserable and sudden folly."

"Herbert, do not leave," she pleaded, falling on her knees. "Have pity!"

"Rise!" he said. "I am going; shake hands."

She rose and extended both her hands, and clasped his eagerly.

"See me to-morrow," she begged, "or after the performance. There will be a farewell supper."

"I shall not be there," he answered.

"For pity's sake, do not leave me like this," she cried. "One moment!"

At this instant the prompter's boy came to the door, saying: "The Creole—flats going across for last scene."

Fanny opened the third scene. Custom and habit came to her aid. Hastily she put on her hood and mantle, and took the avenging dagger.

"You are going?" she asked.

"Now," he said.

"Is there no mercy—no consideration for yourself and me?"

"You misconstrue the word."

"You will still be the slave of a miserable and paltry habit and fashion?"

"An honorable and happy husband."

"An abject slave, who will one day revolt and loathe his thralldom."

"You misjudge me."

"You deceive yourself; woe to you when you wake from your dream—you are drugged with a false sense of what fools call duty and honor."

"I shall not convince you; good-bye." He turned to go, but she held him.

"Great heavens," she said, "are you really going? I have youth, wealth, beauty—you acknowledge it, and I love you! I worship you! Leslie—Herbert, say one word: you will see me again?"

"Never."

"Once more."

"Never—good-bye."

"Farewell; give me one kiss."

"Nonsense," he said.

"One pure kiss, such as you might give to a mother or the corpse of a beloved friend."

He bent down coolly as if to imprint a kiss on her lips. Recollecting himself, he drew back, and, taking her hand, shook it heartily, saying:

"Good-bye; we may meet again under better and happier auspices. God bless you!"

She would have detained him, throwing out her hands in despair and entreaty, but he heeded her not, and walked out of the room and down the passage as deliberately, as firmly, as if he were leaving the place under the most ordinary circumstances. He passed up the lane into the theatre, and took his seat beside his wife in the box.

Fanny stood in the passage in her hood; her left hand grasped the dagger—she leaned against the wall for a moment. The scene-shifters had their hands on the flats ready to draw them back so as to discover her in the garden scene. Summoning her firmness, with a resolute step she walked on. The flats were rapidly separated, and disclosed La Belle Americaine waiting for Darnton the planter.

This was the last appearance, and the finish of the play. This one short portion of the final act, and the curtain would fall on the most gifted and brilliant actress the Californian public had ever seen. They could not cheer more loudly than they had done, but they threw into their cheers all the enthusiasm and fervor they could. She bowed once only, and gave the sign for Darnton to come to the assignation. The last act of that drama was never remembered, even for the marvelous performance of the young actress.

Our readers will remember that Fanny as the Creole had to meet her false lover, who was under the impression that she was his new passion. Art evidently triumphed for the time over her. She could have thought of nothing but her part and Leslie's play. What a world of exquisite expression she put into it! She received all the endearments with feigned delight, then turned to the audience, and, without a word, showed a hell of fury and desire for revenge. The house was spell-bound; there was no applause, but a silence, a dead, solemn silence, more expressive than a tornado of cheers. She seemed carried away by her own emotion. The excitement grew intense; the lookers-on longed for the end. It was painful to watch the devilish cunning and awful purpose of the deluded woman, maddened by receiving attention and hearing words of transport addressed to her, but meant for a rival. The great climax came—the sensation culminated—she had only to throw off her disguise—to raise the dagger in the full glare of upturned lights and avenge herself. Only the words: "This for you, traitor!" remained to be spoken, but she substituted others. Instead of plunging the bright dagger into the heart of Darnton, she walked rapidly forward, right to the glaring footlights; gave one look towards the box where Leslie sat beside his wife, raised the dagger on high, and plunged it with a rapid thrust into her own breast, saying:

"This stills my aching heart!"

There was no idea that the action was in "the part." The crimson blood flowed over the white border of the stage into the gas borders, as she fell heavily. A rush was made—no curtain could be dropped, for she was outside it. The horror-stricken audience jumped to the stage; she was surrounded by an eager throng shouting for a doctor, but she was past all human aid. She turned her fast-glazing eyes towards the box where the innocent cause of the tragedy sat spell-bound and powerless; threw up her arms wildly in his direction, gasped "Farewell!" and expired. Such was the end of the bright and beautiful, but misguided and erring woman, known as

"LA BELLE AMERICAINE."

STORY FOR GOOD BOYS.—A resident of the City of Churches of Hibernian birth saw his boy stealing out of the back-door with a baseball-bat hid under his ulster.

"Where are going to, Patrick, my boy?" said his father, as he called to him.

"I am going to Sunday-school, pop," responded the startled youth.

"Ye are, are ye, ye spalpeen?" responded the now irate parent. "And what would Father O'Dowd say if he saw ye playing ball Sundays, eh?"

The boy scratched his head and kept silent.

"Where do boys go to who play ball Sunday, eh?" continued the old man.

"Down on the flats by Hamilton avenue," said the youth, as he left at a 2:40 gait.

NATURE AS AN OIL-REFINER.—Those who believe that competition is the life of trade will be glad to hear that Nature has gone into the refining business. Four miles from Millerstown, Pa., has been tapped a well of refined oil, of a greenish tint, but as clear as though passed through a retort. From the brightness of the flame and the results of the tests, one would suppose that it was the best artificially refined oil. Nature will have to have her percentage in the next oil-pool.

A THOUGHTFUL MAN.—A man who has always enjoyed the town-shows certainly ought to contribute to popular recreation whenever he has a good chance. This was Wallace Wilkinson's thought when he was sentenced at Provo, Utah, late in November, to be shot on Dec. 14, for bringing the life of a fellow-creature named Baxter to an abrupt and untimely conclusion. The Judge had asked the murderer whether there was anything that could be done to make him more comfortable during the remnant of his days on earth. "Well, Judge," was the cool reply, "you might put it off for a few days, and give some of my friends time to abroad time to get here and witness the shooting match." He had enjoyed circuses and hangings in his day, and he wanted all the boys te have thnir share of the fun.

A MAN BORN to command is different from one made to order.

"POP, THE BANK'S SUSPENDED."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BOBBY NEWCOMB.

There were four in the family,
And down at the farm
They lived in a circle, all good and no harm;
The wealth of economy long had been theirs,
And a bank-account guarded against future cares.
Pop would remark, as he'd rest at the plough:
"Every dollar I've got brings six per cent. now.
That last crop of wheat fetched a pretty good price;
I was kinder half tempted to buy something nice
For Sis and our Bub and mother—they wish
For a dress and a suit and a new china dish.
Against all their talk the maxim I push—
'A bird in the hand beats two in the bush.'"

On, with the plough turning up the soft soil,
From five in the morning till sundown he'd toil,
Old Sol beating down on his time-whitened head—
An hour's hard work for each mouthful or bread;
And, turning the plough for another straight line,
He'd say as he tramped through the furrows each time:
"The Merchants Mechanics' is as safe as the grave!
When it comes on next harvest, what a pile I shall save!
Now, Thompson, whose fence divides my ground from his,
Came down to the house and told my wife, Liz,
That he didn't like banks, and no money he'd trust;
I laughed when she told me till I thought I would bu'st."

In the city, one morning, 'twas gloomy and drear;
The people, like stars, occupied their own sphere,
Each one in his place in their great daily toil—
The honest to make, while thieves took the spoil.
The Merchants Mechanics' opened promptly at nine,
The cashier, the teller, all arrived sharp on time.
They added up columns, paid out and received.
Who called the bank shaky? Why, all were deceived.
A trick of the market, on some mischief bent—
They'll pay dollar for dollar to the very last cent.

"Bub! O Bub! Now, where is that boy?
That cur seems to live but just to annoy.
Ah! you're here! Come, hitch up the horse, for I need
Some things from the city—house goods and some seed.
Jess stop at the bank—ah, yes! here's the book.
The money's inside: if you lose it, by hook,
I'll jest tan your hide with a hoop-pole, you skunk.
There's five cents to spend, and don't you get drunk."

The horses were stabled, the plough was at rest,
When Thompson dropped in, as he was in quest
Of a cow that had strayed, and he thought by the jingle
She'd broke through a fence with a strange herd to mingle.
When mother called supper, they all sat together.
When Pop said: "I guess Bub's detained by the weather."
A storm had come up, the thunder was loud,
And lightning it flashed from a great lowering cloud.
"Here's Bub!" And Sis, she went to the door,
While Bub stood and shook rain all over the floor.
He had news—in his mind no harm he intended—
For he blurted out: "Pop, the bank has suspended!"
Thompson caught mother—she fainted outright—
While Bub's whitened face showed tokens of fright;
And Pop, jumping up, clutched the air for a space,
With a gasp and a groan fell flat on his face.
Poor Sis, with her tears running down like the rain,
Offered comfort to Pop again and again;
But with each breath that he drew loud curses were blended
On each guilty head in the bank that suspended.

HOW LILLIAN DIED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLOTTE M. STANLEY.

"Sentenced for life!" Ah, well, that won't be long—that's not half so bad as it sounds. Why, just look at me! Gray-haired, stooping, hollow-eyed, old and broken before my time—there's scarcely a year of life left in me, I think, and what does it matter where I spend it? But I'm innocent of the crime for which I am condemned—mind you that! The evidence—oh, yes; I know—the evidence was clearly against me. To be sure! Nothing but the absence of actual eye-witnesses to the murder saved me from being hung! That's what the court said, aint it? Well, you see, I tell a different story. I say that there wasn't any murder at all, and that the absence of eye-witnesses to the manner of Lillian's death was all that kept me from an honorable acquittal. And *there's* all the difference!

Though all the world knows, by this time, that the dead woman was my wife, no soul in the world can ever know how well I loved her. Aye, from the first hour in March, 1865, until the last—in spite of wrongs unpardonable—I loved her. Treacherous, ungrateful, false, fickle, mercenary, she had deserved death at my hands, although I swear, before God, I never dealt it to her. As frail as she was fair—and that is saying a great deal—a man might as well trust his life to a shifting quicksand as his honor or happiness in such a creature's keeping; and yet, as much as she could love, she loved me—I am sure of that.

Five years ago we first met. It was a bitter Winter night. The snow lay a foot deep on the ground already, and was still falling thick and fast, and the biting blast came howling round street-corners with such force and fury as almost to lift me off my feet, as, muffled up in my oil-skin coat, and with cap drawn well over my eyes, I paced along on my solitary beat in the Bowery. It was pretty well on towards midnight, but the storm, much more than the lateness of the hour, made the streets lonely and deserted. In decent weather they would have been lively enough; now, however, there wasn't a soul to be seen—not even a dog so friendless but what he had contrived to creep into a corner somewhere; and I was just standing in the shelter of a doorway, feeling cold and miserable enough, and wishing to myself that I was back in London to be a dog than a policeman, when a little figure turned the corner of Bleecker street and came hurrying on in my direction. She didn't see me. She was wrapped in a large waterproof cloak—which the blustering wind tried hard to tear away—with the hood drawn closely over her face, and her head bent down upon her bosom. She came headlong on with swift, unsteady steps, and making no more noise in the soft snow than if she had been a ghost. All at once, just as she was opposite me and in the full light of a lamp, she uttered a sharp, low cry of pain and fear, and fell. I was beside her in a minute.

"What's the matter?" said I. "Slipped in the snow, aint you?"

The hood had fallen back from her head, and a lot of soft, bright, golden hair came tumbling over her shoulders. She looked up at me with wide, wet, frightened eyes, and essayed to rise, but sank back in the snow, moaning:

"My ankle, my ankle—I can't move!" she cried; and then she put her little hands over her face and cried bitterly.

Of course I questioned her. What was she doing in the street at that hour? Where had she come from? Where did she want to go? No answer, but sobs and tears.

I was mighty puzzled, "you must tell me where you live, or I shall have to take you to the station-house. You can't lie here in the snow all night, you know."

At that she began to moan and cry most pitifully. Clasping her hands and looking up into my face with an expression at once so pitiful and so sad that it might have touched a heart of stone, she implored me not to destroy her by doing as I had said, but to pass on, and leave her where she lay.

"Let me lie here and die!" she sobbed. "The snow will soon bury me, and all my sorrows will be over. I would rather die than be taken to prison—oh, a thousand, thousand times!"

I tried my best to make her understand that the station-house wasn't exactly "prison." She wouldn't hear me.

"They'd make me tell my name," she said. "And I'd rather die. I was running away from one horror, and you force me into another. Oh, leave me, for mercy's sake, and go away."

What could I do? To comply with such a request was clearly impossible; and yet, could I force her to accompany me against her will? Of course, I was a fool—nobody knows that better than I do now. But I was young and impressible. I hadn't been long enough on the force to become hardened or suspicious. With an ordinary woman, a commonplace woman, I might have used less ceremony; but this poor little girl—ah! she was so young so helpless, and, in spite of her distress, so beautiful—she threw me off my guard entirely. There could be no harm in *her*; no, no; I was convinced of it—nothing but some terrible misfortune. And was it for me—a man—to do aught that might increase the poor child's sorrows? Nay, rather let me comfort and assist her. So I set myself to soothe and calm her fears, and, sooner than I had hoped, succeeded. Raising her from the ground, I carried her along Bleecker street to the room of a poor hard-working friend, who I knew would furnish her with a night's lodging. A strange, sweet sense of pleasure thrilled me as I held her and looked down at the little, tear-stained face upon my breast. She was scarcely heavier than a child, and put her pretty arms around my neck as simply and as fearlessly as one. Instinctively I clasped her closer to my heart—so weak, so friendless, so trusting. I felt in that moment that I loved her. Ah, what outward signs of innocence should ever be believed if this fair child, with her angel face and candid, fearless eyes, were anything but innocent and pure?

I routed Mrs. Brady up, to her great surprise, and placed my precious burden in her motherly care, leaving them—unwillingly enough, but I dared not stay. She smiled on me—my unknown treasure, as I already called her in my secret heart—and bade Heaven bless me as I turned away. The look and tone kept with me all my night. It was no longer lonely. In fancy I felt the clinging arms around my neck, the warm, fluttering breath upon my cheek; in fancy I clasped her close once more, and pillowed her fair face upon my shoulder. My heart beat thick and fast, the blood seemed turned to fire within my veins, the madness of a sudden and overmastering passion seized me. I longed to kiss the tender crimson lips that had trembled but a moment since, so near my own, and I cursed alike the timidity and generosity that had respected them. "Shall I ever have the chance again?" I thought. And then in my soul I swore I would—she was mine, and should be mine, for I loved her! No other woman had ever moved me thus—this was my first real passion, my first true love. It has proved to be the last, too, as I think it ever does. We may deceive ourselves—Heaven only knows how many times!—we may cherish many counterfeits, and even think them true; but the real love, when it finds us, stays forever. Set it down false to me, though deceiving me, and dishonoring me with every breath and in every hour, she yet loved me as she had loved no other, and as she would never love again.

They left the country, assumed another name, and I sought for them in vain. One year later my friend, the detective, who had stuck by me all through my trouble, placed a San Francisco paper in my hind. I saw that he had marked the notice of a death—"Lillian Forney, died August 10, aged 25." Then, only, the feverish thirst for revenge died out, and the almost insane energy that had so long buoyed me up gave way to depression and despair. She was dead! I could never find her now, on this side of the grave, either to curse or to forgive! My child, placed in a hireling's care, had long since languished and died. What remained to me then? While the boy lived I had had him to toil for; but now all hope was ended, life was wrecked!

A long, long sickness followed. I could not work, I had no money and no friends—my only one was absent from the city—and I drifted into a hospital at last, succoured, in my extreme need, by strangers. I came out a more miserable wreck than you see me now—enfeebled by long sickness, heart-broken, spiritless, altogether crushed. It was Summer. One of the hospital doctors, a kind-hearted man, spoke for me to some friends of his who owned a large hotel at a fashionable watering-place, and obtained for me the position of night-watchman.

The duties will be light," he said. "You'll have plenty of good food and rest, and the sea-bathing, and strong, salt air, will very soon set you on your legs again."

So I took up the dreary burden of my life anew, and entered on the last act of the tragedy. My hours of duty at the hotel extended from eleven at night until ten the following morning. After that my time was my own until midnight came nearing round again. My custom was to go to bed at about three or four in the afternoon, and sleep till well on into the evening. I had a comfortable little room to myself, and nobody ever disturbed me. One evening, however, late in August, at the close of an exceptionally hot, sultry day, I was suddenly aroused from a sound, deep sleep, by what seemed to be a voice calling my name. I sprang up in my bed, trembling violently. It had sounded like my lost, dead Lillian's voice, and the words it spoke were:

"Ned! Poor, dear Ned!"

"Could she cry to me from her grave?" I thought, as I glanced half-fearfully around me. Then, recovering my scattered senses: "It was but a dream," I sighed, and, rising, began to dress.

At that moment another voice fell on my ear; and I understood that the large room adjoining my own, which had stood empty for several days, had received new occupants while I slept. There was a hole in the wall, directly over my head, through which a stove-pipe was passed in the Winter; it served to conduct the voices to my ears as distinctly as if they had been speaking in my own room.

"If you loved the fellow so well," said a man's deep, angry tones, "why the devil did you leave him? It would have been a fine sight better for me if you never had!"

"It would have been better for me too!" cried the voice that had broken my sleep; and again I fell back at the sound, nerveless and trembling. "Far better to have remained the loved wife of an honest man than be the thing I am—the mistress of a gambler and a thief. Oh, none of your threats to me!" as he struck the table, with a deep and bitter curse. "*I* don't fear you! I fear nothing but the husband whose name I have dishonored, whose true, loving heart I have broken. But, oh, *how* I fear *him!*" The voice shook suddenly, as if she shuddered. "How I long, sometimes, for just one look at him and my little child, and yet I know the sight of them would kill me."

"You were precious fond of the child," sneered the man. "When you had it you used to call it a tiresome brat, and wish it had never been born. A nice specimen of a wife and a mother, truly!"

"I know it! I know it!" She seemed to be weeping now. "I know I was an unnatural wretch. I thought that I didn't love it—I even sometimes thought I was tired of Ned. We were so poor, and you were always tempting me with your glitter and excitement. But when they were lost, when it was all too late, I knew better. I knew that I loved them then—my baby, and my poor, fond, faithful Ned!"

Great Heaven! Was I going mad? Or was it *indeed* my wife? My wife—not dead after all, but under the same roof with me—almost within reach of my hand? How could I be satisfied? How *see*, as well as hear? While I stood trembling wavering, uncertain what to do, there was the quick rustle of silk, then the sound of a man's step, and the voices began again.

"Where are you going to now, confound you?" cried the man; and I felt sure that he had barred her way to the door.

"Anywhere away from you; I want to get into the air. Stand aside. It'll be the worse for you if you try to stop me!"

The door flew wide—I sprang to open my own as she rushed out into the hall, and swept down the great staircase, followed by her companion. I stood there, unseen by either. I was Lillian who had passed by—my guilty wife was alive, and had stood before me! Lovely as ever, elegantly dressed, proud, flushed, angry and defiant to her lover, but repentant of her sins against me. My heart beat wildly at that thought. What! did I love her still, then? Was I so weak and base as to desire her again? Oh, never, never! And yet, oh, how fair she was! How dear we had been together. How ardently, how madly I had loved her! Never had my heart ceased to hunger for its idol—even while I cursed her, I loved her still. Then the thought of her death had softened my anger. I could not hate her lying in her grave. I had even grown to pity and forgive, and now she rose up before me, repentant, grieving—longing for me, mourning her forsaken child. Where was my anger gone? What was this madness that was on me? "Can a man take fire into his bosom without being burned?" Should I foster and cherish a viper after I have suffered from its stings?

Faint from excess of emotion, I staggered like a drunken man. My brain seemed all on fire, my heart was bursting. Air—air! Let me get out into the air—on the beach, under the wide, calm heavens—there the madness of the blood would cool, and I could think.

There were stragglers on the beach, and I could brook no company. The pier!—the long, wooden pier, which ran out near half a mile into the sea—that would be deserted at this hour, though the moon was up; it was such a lonely, desolate place at night, no fear of intruders there. I hastened on to the pier.

Up and down, up and down—I paced rapidly. The murmuring waves soothed me; the cool, fresh breeze calmed my heated brain. Reason resumed its sway. "Lillian had died, to me, long ago. I had forgiven, and would continue to forgive her, remembering her only as in her grave. To-morrow I would seek the place and find work elsewhere. The world was wide, and we should never meet again." This was my resolution. I had not one feeling against her—no, not one. Whatever anger remained in my heart was rather for him than for her. But time and sickness of body and soul had changed me; and the days in which I had sought for him, hungering for his life, were long since over and gone. Let them live and work out their destiny—God was their judge, not I!

Half-past ten. It was time for me to be returning, but the night was so calm and beautiful I felt loth to go. I stood a minute gazing out towards the open sea. What was that object at the extreme end of the pier?—there, where the outside railing had been blown down, and the planks were broken, so that it was scarcely safe? Something was crouching there—either a woman or a child—I would go and see. Pulling my hat down over my eyes that the wind might not carry it away, I hurried along towards the object of my curiosity. It was a woman, sure enough—standing at the very end of the pier, and within a few feet of the

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

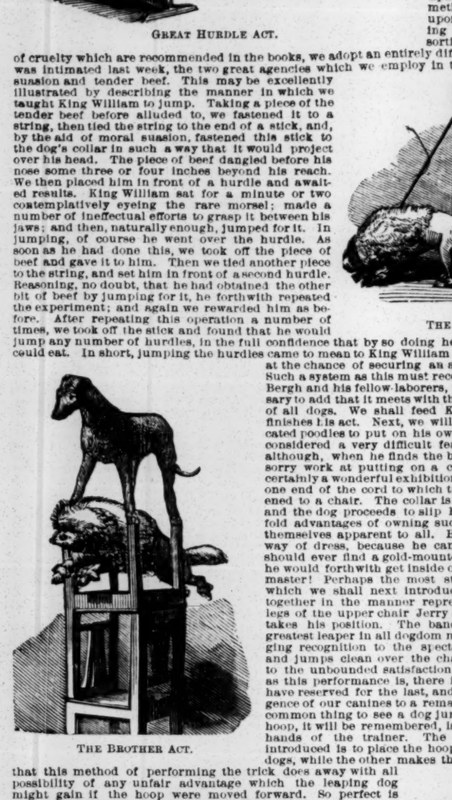
OUR DOG-SHOW.

Four Wonderful Feats by the Performers with Four Feet.

In accordance with our promise, we continue this week the exhibition of trained dogs which met with such marked demonstrations of approval in a former issue. Before calling out the canines, however, we desire to avail ourselves of this opportunity to say that, whatever may be the ultimate decision of other managers, the prices of admission to THE CLIPPER VARIETIES will not be reduced. In taking this position we think that we are abundantly justified by the facts in the case. These facts, briefly stated, are as follows: 1. The entertainment given in THE VARIETIES is the best in the world. [We can produce, if necessary, satisfactory evidence in proof of this assertion.] 2. Ten cents secures admission to all parts of the house. 3. Performances may be witnessed at any hour of the day or night. 4. Anybody may occupy a box, if he has got one, although it is against our principles to get a man into a box. 5. It costs more than a million dollars a week to conduct THE VARIETIES. 6. Nothing like it was ever seen before. 7. We believe in perpetuating the Centennial, and therefore give a ten-cential show. If these facts are not conclusive we shall be happy to furnish two or three hundred others. As we were not called upon by any of the reporters during the recent agitation of this question, we determined to interview ourselves, in order that the world might not be denied the inestimable benefit of our opinion. With these few prefatory words we will call out the dogs. The performance will begin with a jumping-act which cannot fail to elicit enthusiastic applause. We call this the hurdle act. King William—that is the dog's name—jumps over half-a-dozen hurdles, placed close together, alighting each time on his hind-feet. We would call especial attention to the fact that the dog honestly clears these hurdles, without the "tipping" process, which is sometimes resorted to when horses in the ring are obliged to jump. Moreover, King William makes his leaps from his hind-legs, alighting always on his haunches. Various theories have been put forth as to the best way of teaching a dog how to jump, but we think we have hit upon the only really scientific method. Instead of treading upon the animal's toes, or striking his feet with a whip, or resorting to any of the other means of cruelty which are recommended in the books, we adopt an entirely different and original plan. As was intimated last week, the two great agencies which we employ in training our dogs are moral

GREAT HURDLE ACT.

suasion and tender heed. This may be excellently illustrated by describing the manner in which we taught King William to jump. Taking a piece of the tender beef before alluded to, we fastened it to a string, then tied the string to the end of a stick, and, by the aid of moral suasion, fastened this stick to the dog's collar in such a way that it would project over his head. The piece of beef dangled before his nose some three or four inches beyond his reach. We then placed him in front of a hurdle and awaited results. King William sat for a minute or two contemplatively eyeing the rare morsel; made a number of ineffectual efforts to capture it between his jaws; and then, naturally enough, jumped for it. In jumping, of course he went over the hurdle. As soon as he had done this, we took off the piece of beef and gave it to him. Then we tied another piece to the string, and set him in front of the second hurdle. Reasoning, no doubt, that he had obtained the other bit of beef by jumping for it, he forthwith repeated the experiment; and again we rewarded him as before. After repeating this operation a number of times, we took off the lattice and found that he would jump any number of hurdles in the full confidence that by so doing he would get all the beef he could eat. In short, jumping the hurdles came to mean to King William tender beef—and he jumped at the chance of securing an abundance of this delicacy. Such a system as this must recommend itself highly to Mr. Bergh and his fellow-laborers, while it is perhaps unnecessary to add that it meets with the most unqualified approval of all dogs. We shall feed King William as soon as he finishes his act. Next, we will call upon one of the educated poodles to put on his own collar. This might not be considered a very difficult feat for a man to perform—although some of us miss the button off, even a man in his sorry work at putting on a collar—but for a dog, it is certainly a wonderful exhibition of skill. As you will notice, one end of the cord to which the collar is attached, is fastened to a chair. The collar is then placed upon the floor, and the poodle-dog proceeds to slip his head into it. Overwhelming advantages of owning such a dog as this must make themselves apparent to all. He needs no attention in the way of dress, because he can dress himself; and if he should ever find a gold-mounted collar lying around loose, he would undoubtedly get inside of it, and carry it home to his master! Perhaps the most startling feat of all is that which we shall next introduce. Two chairs are placed together in the manner represented. Upon the inverted legs of the upper chair Jerry (of Tom and Jerry celebrity) takes his position. The legs are long, and Jerry is the greatest leaper in all dogdom makes his appearance. Wagging recognition to the spectators, he takes a long run, and jumps clean over the chairs and under Jerry's legs, to the unbounded satisfaction of his friends. Wonderful as this performance is, there is still another feat which we have reserved for the last, and which displays the intelligence of our canines to a remarkable degree. It is a very common thing to see a dog jump through a hoop—but the hoop, it will be remembered, is almost always held in the hands of the trainer. The innovation which we have introduced is to place the hoop in the mouth of one of the dogs, while the other makes the leap. It will be observed



THE COLLAR FEAT.

THE HOOP ACT.

THE BROTHER ACT.

that this method of performing the trick does away with all possibility of any unfair advantage which the leaping dog might gain if the hoop were moved forward. So perfect is the confidence which the under dog has in his associate, that he permits him to jump over his head without the quiver of a tail. We desire to remark, in bringing this interesting exhibition to a close, that all the trained dogs are contented and happy. They like their profession, and look with feelings of mingled pity and contempt upon the uneducated canine whose ambition is bounded by a bone. The performing dog, it should be understood, yearns for dates and not bones. He finds the excitement of show-life fully as fascinating as does his human associate. Nor should it be supposed that trained dogs confine their talents to the circus or variety show. A number have made decided hits on the legitimate stage, and some of them possess tragic abilities of high order. They are especially strong in depicting insanity—in what might be called the hydrophobic school of drama, and whatever cannot be expressed on their elocution, they can never be accused of uttering dog-gerel.

THE PRIDE OF THE NATIONAL GUARD.

DEDICATED TO MAJOR HENRY ARTHUR, AIDE-DE-CAMP, GEN. DAKIN'S STAFF, 2D DIVISION, N. G. S. N. Y.

WRITTEN BY WILL E. MCNULTY. MUSIC BY GEO. VON KAMEKE.

Through crowded street, with music sweet,
We march in line and gray;
Our rank and file by beauty's smile
Are greeted all the way;
With uptight head and martial tread
We have but one regard:
To gain the name and win the fame
Of the Pride of the National Guard.

Semi-chorus.—
Shoulder to shoulder we gayly march along,
Gallant in peace and brave in war,
Singing the chorus-rolls, our marching song,
While echoes repeat it near and far.
Chorus.—Bayonets gleaming, banners streaming,
Hearts all free from fear;
Sabres flashing, cannon crashing,
Hear the people cheer!
Horses prancing, gayly dancing
Over the crowded sward,
And first on hand to save our land
Is the Pride of the National Guard.

From beauty's arms at war's alarms
We quickly take our leave;
Our swords are bright, our hearts are light,
And eager for the fray;
Midst cannon-smoke and sabre-stroke
We keep our watch and ward.
'Midst gleaming steel our country's weal
Is the Pride of the National Guard.

Semi-chorus and Chorus as before.
Shoulder to shoulder we gayly march along, etc.
When order fled and riots dread
Were to Mose in demand,
And lawless bands with ruthless hands
Our rulers here defied,
Mid blazing train and bullet's rain,
Though danger pressed us hard,
We fought for right and won the fight
With the Pride of the National Guard.

Semi-chorus and Chorus as before.
Shoulder to shoulder we gayly march along, etc.

Brooklyn, N. Y., 1877.

THE MERRY DANCERS.

This festive scene is laid in Ireland. No other country in the world produces such natural dancers as the Emerald Isle. Obviously it is a reel which Master Finnegan and his young partner are dancing. The pleased expression on the face of the gentleman with his hands in his pockets leads us to the belief that he is the father of one or both of the dancers. Everybody appears to be merry, which is a virtue possessed by the Irish nation. It is hardly possible that this exquisite work of art represents a scene at Donnybrook Fair—some out-of-the way corner in which the members of the Finnegan family have assembled to enjoy themselves. This supposition is strengthened by the absence of figures in the background, which, after much close scrutiny, we are inclined to believe are intended for cab-drivers. You may have observed that our artist's delight in introducing cab-drivers is not immediately apparent to the naked eye. Therein he follows the example of the illustrious Turner. We submit that the lines referred to look more like cab-drivers than Turner's black canvas looks like a slaveship. Our artist was formerly a turner by trade, but he is now a chiseler, and that is more in his line.

SHADOWS ON THE GROUND.

SONG-AND-DANCE. DEDICATED TO JOSEPH F. FAY, BY T. W. HANSHEW.

Of all the flowers rich and rare
That deck the gardens gay,
There's not a blossom to compare
With gentle Mattie May;
I met her in the evening,
Within the streamlet's sound,
While moonbeams through the bank of clouds
Cast shadows on the ground.

Chorus.—Yes, she's a sweeter than the rosebud rare, *(Break.)*
My gentle Mattie May so fair. *(Break.)*
We hearkened to the waters falling,

And loved their gentle sound;
But sweeter far it was to see
Our shadows on the ground.

(Dance.)

I whispered of the boy god Love;
She blushed and hung her head,
Then pointed to the moon above,
And this is what she said:
"By the light in yonder heavens,
My love is pure, and true;"
Enfold me, and the moon will cast
Our shadows on the ground.

Chorus.—Yes, she's a sweeter than, etc.

Brooklyn, Nov., 1877.

MR. BETTERTON IN BALTIMORE, MD., IN 1817.

This was not the celebrated English actor of that name, but Thomas Butterton, a native of Dublin, Ireland, who had changed a single letter in his name. He for a long time held a respectable position in the theatre there, and also in the English provinces. He was the father of the celebrated Mrs. Glover, and made his American debut at the Park Theatre, this city, April 24, 1816; but being past the prime of life he did not create the sensation he had anticipated. He married Mrs. Ann Bunting, in this city, in December, 1819, and returning to England died there in 1835, aged 80 years. George H. Barrett died in New York Sept. 5, 1860; William Warren died in Baltimore Oct. 19, 1832; T. Jefferson died in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1824; Joseph Jefferson Sr. died in Harrisburg, Pa., Aug. 6, 1832; Thomas Burke died in Baltimore in 1824; Mr. Hathwell died in Philadelphia, but we have no record of the date; Charles Durang retired from the profession some years ago; Mrs. W. B. Wood died in Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 12, 1836; Mrs. Wm. Anderson, *nee* Miss Euphemia Jefferson, a daughter of the elder Jefferson, died early in life; Mrs. Francis died in Philadelphia in 1834; Mrs. Thomas Burke, after the death of her husband, married Joseph Jefferson Jr., father of the present comedian of that name. She died in Philadelphia in 1850; Mrs. J. Simpson also died there in 1832, as did Mrs. Jefferson in January, 1831; Mrs. Bloxton died several years ago.

BALTIMORE THEATRE.

ON MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 6, 1817,
will be presented a celebrated comedy, in five acts, called
THE PROVOKED HUSBAND, OR A JOURNEY TO LONDON.

Lord Townly	Mr. Betterton
From the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, his second appearance here.	
Mr. Manly	Mr. Barrett
Sir Francis Wrong	Mr. Warren
head	Mr. Warren
Count Rassett	T. Jefferson
Squire Richard, Mr. Jefferson	
John Moody	Mr. Burke
Foundage	Mr. Hathwell
Servant to Lord Townly	Mr. Durang
After the comedy a	
Constable	Mr. King
Servant to Manly. Thompson	
Lady Townly	Mrs. Wood
Lady Grace	Mrs. Anderson
Lady Wrong'd	Mrs. Francis
Miss Jenny	Mrs. Burke
Mrs. Motherly	Mrs. Simpson
Tracy	Mrs. Jefferson
Myrtilla	Mrs. Bloxton

PASTORAL PAS SEUL BY MONS. FONTAINE, from Paris (his first appearance here).

After which a comic piece, in two acts, never acted at this theatre, called THE DEUCE IS IN HIM, written by Geo. Colman Sen., author of "The Jealous Wife."

Col. Pamper	Mr. Betterton
Major Relford	Mr. Barrett
Dr. Prattle	Mr. Jefferson
Servant	Mr. Durang
Emily	Mrs. Wood
Bell	Mrs. Jefferson
Madame Florival	Mrs. Anderson

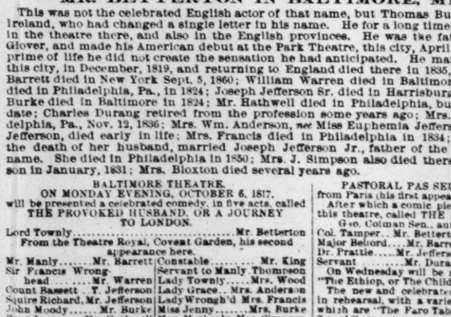
On Wednesday will be revived the splendid drama of "The Ethiop, or The Child of the Desert."

The new and celebrated tragedy of "The Apostate" is in rehearsal, with a variety of other new pieces, among which are "The Faro Table," "Fair American," "Broken Sword," etc., etc.

Due notice will be given of Mr. Cooper's first appearance

The doors will be open quarter past 5, and the curtain will rise precisely quarter past 6.

THE FIERY UNTAMED ONES.



It could be proved, if necessary, that when the poet wrote "Bring forth the fiery, untamed steed," it was to one of these steeds that he referred. To be sure, there are two steeds here represented, but this extra allowance is made to meet any possible contingency. One of the steeds, for instance, might break away from the groom, and in that case the poet would be disappointed unless we had provided another. The poet cannot fail to appreciate our foresight in this manner. It needs no words to prove that the animals presented to your notice are emphatically fiery and untamed. Their attitude alone shows that. Yet this should not interfere with your beautiude, since there is really no danger. The brunette who holds them is to be trusted implicitly—that is, so far as holding vicious steeds is concerned. He is himself somewhat fiery and untamed. He never saves any money for clothing, and he would probably regard an ulster as a refined means of torture. Nevertheless, he understands horses thoroughly, and he can stand under them without the slightest danger. With this assurance, the fiery untamed may be studied at leisure, and with perfect security. Were it not for the heavy shadow upon the groom's face, you would discover that he is really an intelligent-looking man, with an exceedingly frank and open antenance.

THE LATE E. T. SMITH.

The deviser of vast managerial enterprises for nearly a quarter of a century, Edward Tyrrell Smith was almost as well known in this country, by virtue of the London engagements he tendered American actors, as in England. About the middle of March last, while out with the North Durham Foxhounds, he was thrown from his horse, the animal jumped upon his prostrate form, and the hapless hunter was removed to his residence, Colepike Hall, in a critical condition. Our English files, in chronicling his death, do not allude to this accident, which doubtless shortened an already long life full of events. It came to an end on the morning of Nov. 26, at Oval House, Kensington Park, London.

The deceased was born in England on Aug. 26, 1804, and was the eldest son of Admiral Edward T. Smith, who served under Admiral Rodney when, near Cape St. Vincent, on Jan. 16, 1780, he defeated the Spanish Admiral Don Langara, and also when, on April 12, 1782, he defeated the French fleet in the West Indies, and captured its commander, the Count De Grasse; and who was likewise under Lord Howe when, on June 1, 1794, he defeated the French fleet off Ushant. The father had passed sixty-five years in the British Navy, and the son was designed by him for the same service. Accordingly, while a mere youth, he was sent to Chatham to be put aboard Lord Cochrane's vessel as midshipman; but on the night before the vessel sailed his mother put in an unexpected appearance at the naval station, and took the boy back home with her. A Government appointment ashore was promised him, and after some years it came; but it amounted to nothing more than a position on the London constabulary, and young Smith, now a man, turned sheriff's auctioneer. Subsequently he became proprietor of the Lion and Ball Tavern, Red Lion street, Holborn, where he developed a taste for sharing life by introducing curtained-in behind the bar, a so-called "Kaffir Chief," a "Bloomer," and a "Giant" being of the number. About this period he also had a limited interest in the management of Vauxhall Gardens, that antique ground which was now having various managers and dispensing with none. In 1851 he first entered into theatrical management, leasing the Marylebone, London, and opening it on Whit Monday of that year, signalizing his first Christmas as manager by producing an admirable pantomime, "John Barleycorn," the clown being the then Inimitable Tom Matthews. E. L. Davenport and Miss Fanny Vining, his wife, were of the company for a while. Smith also brought out "The Corsican Brothers" there, in rivalry of Charles Kean at the Princess'. It is related that he caused a version of the drama to be written, scenery prepared, and a trap made, and raised the curtain upon the piece, all within about three days; and another incident related by *The London Footlight* is that on one occasion the bill for Smith's benefit was so long that it was twelve o'clock when Wood's Minstrels began to play Pluto! In 1859 Mr. Smith became lessee of Drury-lane Theatre, taking hold when it was so run down and so involved that no one else dared touch it, and when the Duke of Bedford, its owner, already had the plans drawn up for the erection of other buildings upon its site. With but three weeks of preparation, the new lessee opened the house on Dec. 27, 1852, with the new pantomime, by E. L. Blanchard, of "Harlequin Hudibras, or the Droll Days of the Merry Monarch," and with Pitt Cobb's dramatization of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a story that was then no dramatic novelty in London, and was being done to death at three or four theatres in Paris. A few weeks afterwards the drama of "Gold," with its sickening prison-scene, by Watts Phillips, of late years has been known only as "It is Never Too Late to Mend," was brought out, E. L. Davenport, Wallack, Fanny Vining and Edward Stirling being in the cast. This drama became familiar to an American public at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, in the season of 1853-4. One advantage Smith possessed at Drury-lane was in having William Beverly for scenic-artist. As stars, he had novelties, even if not always first-class talent. Within three or four days of his death he spoke of how Matilda Heron, as Bianca, and also Miss Marriott in the same role, the latter having played in England several years before, we believe, but not in London until the holidays of 1854-5, had likewise tried to develop A. W. Brooke, Barry Sullivan, and Geo. Bennett, gave our J. B. Roberts an opportunity, as he had given Matilda Heron, and as, in 1856, he gave Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence. He had even given Bob Hart a chance to play a Yankee comedian on the same occasion as those accorded the Florences: but Hart reserved his Solon Shingles for another establishment. Smith also brought out Mons. Devant the contortionist (who came here about 1854), the Italian Brothers, the Flying Woman, and dead Dick Sands in his great original part of strolling walking act. As additional stars, he had Jas. Anderson, Chas. Dillon, Chas. Mathews and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kean. In the Fall of 1862 he retired from the management of Drury-lane. In 1858 he leased the Pavilion, but soon after, in 1859, became proprietor of the Britannia, at Hoxton, and also built another music approaching up the valley. Another instant and the space in front of the hostelry is invaded by a troupe of gipsies, under the leadership of the Carmencita, who this city, Oct. 11, 1860. He also directed the operatic entertainment by which the Prince was honored in Philadelphia. With a company comprising Mme. Caronni Zucchi, Clara Louise Kellogg, the late Mlle. Morensi, Mme. Fisher, Mme. Zapucci, and Sigs. Massimiliani, Lotti, Bellini, Lorini, Dubruel, Susini, Muller and Ximines, he was to have inaugurated Crosby's Opera-house, Chicago, April 17, 1865, with the opera of "Il Trovatore;" but the death of President Lincoln caused a postponement until the 30th, and his season ended on May 20. As an operatic manager he had contributed to introduce Clara Louise Kellogg, Kate Duckworth (Mlle. Morensi), Mlle. Guerrabella (now Miss Genevieve Ward of the English dramatic stage), Isabella Hinckley, and a host of others; and on Sept. 26, 1866, at the French Theatre, this city, he introduced the Italian actress Ristori to the American public, as Medea. With her and her troupe he traveled for a year and nine months. As lessee of the French Theatre, this city, in 1868, he sought to emulate the success achieved by the late H. L. Bateman as a manager of opera-bouffe at that house, Niblo's Garden, the Academy of Music and Pike's Opera-house, and he brought Rose Bell, Desclauses, Fontanel, and Meuris, Carrier, Beckus, Gabel and Bourgeois from Paris. He began his season on Oct. 5 with "The Grand Duchess," and on the 22d brought out "Genevieve de Brabant" in a style never before witnessed on the American stage, and quite eclipsing Bateman, whose troupe was then operating at Pike's, now the Grand Opera-house. Grau made material alterations at the French Theatre, as the present Lyceum was then called, dropping the parquet below the level of the sidewalk, and changing the position of the two tiers. These changes were not permanent, being regarded as so objectionable by the new management that during the season of 1871-2 the auditorium was thoroughly reconstructed. It was estimated that these experiments in 1868 cost Grau about $40,000, apart from his losses in opera-bouffe. Afterwards nearly everything seemed to go wrong with him, his last appreciable success having been as manager of Ristori. In 1870 he brought over here the German actress Marie Seebach, whose debut was made at the French Theatre on Sept. 22, in "Faust;" and he introduced Rubinstein the pianist and Wieniawski the violinist to the American public, together with the soprano Miss Leibhardt and the contralto Miss Ormway, in a concert at Steinway Hall, Sept. 23, 1872. In that year, while negotiating the foregoing engagements, he was stricken with paralysis in Vienna. He was brought to this city, where he had since been a helpless invalid at the residence of his brother Henry. He was buried on the 16th inst. in Washington Cemetery, belonging to the Hebrew Beneficial Society, of which he was a member.]

THE LATE HERR DRIESBACH.

Even the old showman is not to be permitted to have his little bit of romance. Hyatt Frost ruthlessly crushes another old showman's charming story about Herr Driesbach having been fallen in love with at sight and married the next day. As to our recollection that Driesbach was working the bears in the basement of Barnum's Museum, this city, we have since learned that he was then personating Grizzly Adams there.

AMENIA, N. Y., Dec. 13.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* Having read THE CLIPPER of this week in regard to animal tamers, etc., I would say that Herr Driesbach was born in Schoharie, N. Y., that he did perform the bears in Barnum's Museum, N. Y., and that he did not marry the lady he met in Wooster, O., until a year after so meeting her.

There were several other lion kings and queens in the business a few years ago, among them William Howell, John Shoffer and wife, James Jewett, H. Crawford, Geo. Johnson and Madame Sybelle (lion queen), and Beesley and Woodruff. All of these, with the exception of Mr. Beesley, were with Van Amburgh & Raymond. Herr Lengel went to South America with Chiarini's tigers.

W. H.

In *The Schoharie Republican* of Dec. 13 we find the following, which, while indicating that Driesbach was reared in Schoharie, N. Y., not born there, tells what became of his favorite leopard, and confirms what we had always believed, viz., that the great lion-tamer was originally a shoemaker:

Sixty odd years ago a bright little boy came from the Valley of the Mohawk to live with his uncle in the town of Schoharie, Dutch Hollow, Jacob Driesbach. His marked traits at that youthful age were those of marked daring—no thought of fear, in fact, and an uncontrollable love for the lower race of animals. His uncle was a farmer by occupation, and an apprentice to the shoemaking business in this village. Many are the feats of daring related of him in his younger days, one of which is of more than ordinary interest in position on a stump or tree on the West Mountain, near the ledge, from that jump to a tall young sapling, catching a firm grip with his feet from the beginning and swinging himself down to the valley below. At any time, had the branch snapped, young Driesbach would have met with certain death, as the distance from the ledge to the valley below was some 35 feet.

Driesbach learned his trade of Christian Keyser, father-in-law of ex-Sheriff Ferris. Keyser still carrying on the business at the old stand, now occupied by Schafer & Son. The making and mending of shoes to conform to his restless, daring spirit, and his fondness for adventure. He left Schoharie, when a young man, and obtained an appointment on the police force of that city. While acting as a policeman he daily visited a menagerie there, and his old fondness for animals, and his love for them was noticed by the managers, and Driesbach was induced to resign his position on the police force and become an obscure employe of the menagerie. His wonderful tact, talent and skill—such perfect loss to all fear—that he was at once promoted, and after wards became renowned throughout the world as the "lion-tamer." He subsequently was, for a time, connected with the Hippotheatron, this city, and then left the door of the cage of the lions open and laid down under the shade of a tree and soon fell asleep. As soon as the leopard perceived that his keeper was wrapped in the arms of Mr. or Mrs. Morpheus, he sprung from the cage and grasped Driesbach's throat. A death-struggle ensued, Driesbach coming off the victor in the death of the leopard. And this, too, without the use of any implement, Driesbach with his own hands choking the leopard to death.

A correspondent sends us the following:

Jacob Driesbach, known as Herr Driesbach the lion-tamer, was born in the Valley of the Mohawk, probably in Montgomery County, N. Y. When a small lad of about ten years of age he went to live with relatives of the same name in the town of Schoharie, Schoharie County, N. Y. Here he worked on the farm of his uncle, and was recognized and treated as one of the family. As he grew up, and finding it best to learn a trade, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, Christian Keyser, who is still living. At what age he went to New York I do not know. He was at one time attached to the police or old watch, and that was from thirty-seven to forty years ago. THE CLIPPER of last week puts his age at 70 years, and he died in his 73d year. I think he was about. An incident which bears upon his age I will relate as told to me by a well-known physician of New York: While the animals of his menagerie were in Winter-quarters in New York he received an invitation by the late Edwin Forrest to come and see that splendid specimen of a lion which bore the name of the great tragedian. It was on this occasion that the lion-tamer and the tragedian smoke-dried their respective ages. Driesbach was one year older than Forrest; and the latter would be, if now living, seventy-four. The writer in THE CLIPPER was correct in his (Driesbach) recollection of Driesbach having charge of Grizzly Adams' bears in the basement of Barnum's old Museum. The last time I saw Driesbach and spoke with him, he was there as stated, in 1863. He made many visits to his Schoharie friends before and after he became famous as a master of wild beasts. Whenever the menageries with which he was connected wintered in New York or vicinity, he would take two or three weeks' time to enjoy himself among the country friends. When a boy with a knife he cut or rather scratched his name, "J. DRIESBACH," on the face of the pointing (hard cement) of the Old Stone Fort, "a building erected for a house of worship in 1772 and used as a fort for the protection of the inhabitants of Schoharie Valley during the War of the Revolution. This building, still preserved and as solid and firm as the day it was come-dead, was used as a church till a few years back, and Driesbach's name stands there engraved just as he cut it more than fifty years ago. Near by is the old church burying-ground, and it was there that Driesbach often expressed the wish that he might be buried after the Great Master had laid him low. He married Miss Sadie Waters (I think that is the name) some twenty years ago, as near as I can place that event, in the State of Ohio. The account of the wedding was extensively published in the newspapers at the time. A newspaper published at Schoharie C. H. says he died in Ohio City on the 5th inst., on the farm where he had lived since his marriage.

[Edwin Forrest was born March 9, 1806. This would make Driesbach about seventy-two, accord ing to the foregoing story, which originally might have been, that Forrest was one year older than Driesbach, which would make the latter seventy. —ED. CLIPPER.]

HERR LENGEL.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14, 1877.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—In your sketch "Among the Wild-beast Tamers" it is stated that you have lost track of Herr Lengel. He left this city for South America, with Chiarini, in 1875, in company with my husband (Eugene Romelli) and others. Both were among those prostrated by yellow fever. My husband died, and Herr Lengel recovered. He was in good health six months ago, in Montevideo, where I left the company.

Yours respectfully, MME. MARIE ROMELLI.

[At her leisure, Mme. Romelli will kindly forward the list she speaks of in postscript. It may contain names that we have not yet published.—ED. CLIPPER.]

ANOTHER OLD EQUESTRIAN GONE.

At Camberwell, London, on Nov. 20, Mrs. Mary Wilson died at the honored age of ninety years. She was a neophyte equestrian almost in the dawn of the present century, and nearly sixty years ago had risen to be the principal attraction, as a rider, at John Astley's Amphitheatre, in the British metropolis. She married Thomas Wilson, a tight-rope artist of repute in England and on the Continent, and retired from the circus arena. For several seasons in the 20's they had appeared in the Christmas pantomime at Covent-garden. She was the daughter of James Bannister, partner of Philip Astley in the proprietorship of the first London theatre and circus bearing the name of Astley's; it is not generally known that the late celebrated David Roberts of the Royal Academy was once a pantomimist in a small way; but such was the case. Having finished his apprenticeship to a house-painter in Edinburgh, the future great David was engaged by James Bannister, who added a pantomime company to his circus in 1817, and of course needed a scene-painter. After the close of the winter-circuit season in Scotland, Bannister took Roberts to England, under a contract by which the latter was to paint all the scenery and properties that might be required, and make himself generally useful in pantomimes, etc.—all for twenty-five shillings a week and his board. Roberts became bankrupt, and Roberts had to fall back upon house-painting. Miss Bannister withdrew from the profession about 1831, being succeeded by one of the many Miss Woolfords who have, either as riders or rope-dancers, and sometimes as both, figured in the English circus-ring. This particular Miss Woolford became, about 1837, the second wife of Andrew Ducrow.

EUROPEAN THEATRICAL NOVELTIES.

"LE FANDANGO,"

a new ballet by MM. Meilhac and Halevy, music by M. Salvayre, was presented at the Opera, Paris, France, Nov. 26. A correspondent writes as follows about it:

The scene is laid in a charming valley, with a castella-ted castle in the background, on the side of one of the hills. On the gateway of the stage is a noble gateway with a pretty rotunda in white masonry beside it, and on the left stands a country inn, its trellised railing laden with vines, while above and on every side foliage most delicately painted in every hue of green, constitutes as refreshing and tasteful a scenic picture as need be desired. The entryway leads to the mansion of the Marquis De Lux, whose daughter Helene is about to be wedded to the Baron de Flamberge. Although the little girl is closely watched by a starch-necked Duenna, she has contrived to love and be loved by young Albert, a pretty little fellow, but of whose position or rank it seems unable to form the slightest idea. The bridegroom Baron is coming to the Marquis' chateau, and among the other elaborate preparations for his reception the old-fashioned dancing-master is training his young pupils to execute a series of stately movements of the minuet and gavotte order. Suddenly the villagers, who are all assembled in their Sunday-clothes to greet the Baron, are amazed by the sounds of singular music approaching up the valley. Another instant and the space in front of the hostelry is invaded by a troupe of gipsies, under the leadership of the Carmencita, who makes her entry mounted on a richly-caparisoned mule, as are also four of her female companions. The Marquis comes to pass his guards in review, a noble body of veterans in brilliant scarlet uniforms, and under the command of a gigantic captain nearly seven feet in height. The review ended, the dancing-master resumes his lessons, but the laughing gipsies jeer at the old man, and the Carmencita asks him to instruct her in his old-fashioned steps. He does so, and she imitates him faithfully, until at last, growing quicker and quicker in her movements, she passes from the old style of dancing to a most exaggerated exhibition of the new style, her gipsy followers, to the number of at least a hundred, follow her example, and the stage is filled with lithe forms whirling and pirouetting in the most rapid movements to the tingling of ribboned tambourines and the clicking of castanets. This mad farandole almost drives the poor professor of the stately minuet out of his senses; but the people are delighted with the newcomers and their performance, and are on the point of joining in the fun when the Marquis directs his guards to drive the gipsies into their inn. There they grow themselves saucily on the terrace and stage in front of the hostelry. Enter the Baron amid a general waving of hats and handkerchiefs, a wonderful specimen of a dandy in the olden days, with lemon-colored doublet of satin, a long rapier, and a plumed hat, as if he had stepped out of some portrait frame in his Louis the Thirteenth dress. He offers a large bouquet to Helene, which that young lady throws to the ground, and then transforms the Baron of the Baron, who is on the point of quarreling with his future father-in-law as he points out Albert kissing Helene's hand. The Marquis persuades him that he made a mistake, the Baron desires nothing better, and at the request of the Marquis assumes command of the corps of guards who are to make a grand manœuvre under the eyes of his fiancee. The evolutions begin well enough, but the gipsies begin shaking their tambourines and strumming their guitars, and the guards fall into disorder and cannot resist keeping time with their feet to the lively measure. An amusing scene capitally represented. The fandango becomes general, when the Baron's fury knows no bounds, and the Marquis appeases him, orders the rest of the gipsies. The Carmencita falls on her knees before Helene to obtain mercy for her companions, who will not again disturb the proceedings until the marriage is solemnized. The Baron is left alone with his fiancee, to whom he gives a medallion portrait and a ring, but the Carmencita and Albert have been witnesses of the interview. The notaries appear, Helene implores her father in vain, but the Carmencita tells her to be of good cheer, for she will save her. "Give me the portrait and the ring," she says, "and depend on me." The ceremony is about to be performed when the Carmencita, who has come in the disguise of a mountaineer to dance before the company, goes round to make a collection, and as she holds out her hat to the Baron recognizes him as her husband. He declares her mad, but she shows the ring and portrait; he waxes wroth, is challenged by Albert; they retire at once, when the latter returns to sheathe his bloody sword, and convey, by most sorrowful gestures, that he has removed his rival effectually from his path. Consent of the Marquis to the union of the two lovers, and general revival of the fandango, even the Marquis and the old dancing-master themselves now taking part in the national dance.

"LE CLUB,"

a comedy by Edmond Gondinet and Felix Cohen, was acted for the first time at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, on Nov. 26. The plot is briefly summarized thus:

Count Fernand De Manves neglects his young and pretty wife for the sparkling eyes of a certain Baronne De Morannes, a lady who since she had been separated from her husband, whose name she had disgraced, had completely lost her former status in society. Madame De Morannes is so indignant at the contemptuous way in which the Baron has treated her that she does all she can to involve him in a quarrel. She is anxious to compel him to fight a duel for the woman who still bears his name. A masked ball affords her what she thinks a good opportunity for carrying out her scheme, but her husband no sooner becomes aware that it is his wife who has been the cause of his alter cation with M. Roger De Savenay than he at once apologizes to that gentleman, and thus puts an end to the affair. De Savenay is only too glad the matter terminates thus, for he is proud and sensitive, and the lover of Madame De Morannes; on the contrary, he has formed an attachment for Madame De Manves, the wife of one of his seconds. So the Baronne, in her exasperation at the failure of her scheme, makes M. De Manves believe that she is being pestered by the attentions of De Savenay. The Count thereupon provokes the latter, and this is the principal situation of the comedy. Some of the first lines of it is the husband who has challenged him because he had dared to raise his eyes to his wife, but he soon discovers that it is the lover who is leaguing himself in favor of his mistress. But as he cannot exculpate himself without fear of compromising Mme. De Manves, he accepts the position, and the duel is to take place. The seconds learn that her husband is going to risk his life for a woman like the Baronne she feels herself really abandoned, and is on the point of yielding to the pressing entreaties of De Savenay when she is witness of a public insult inflicted on Madame De Morannes at a charity fair organized by the club. She therefore resolves not to quit the field of battle, like a strong-minded woman as she is, she at once seeks an explanation with her husband, which prevents him committing the scandal of fighting on behalf of the Baronne, and deep repentance for his past conduct, and all ends well.

"ON THE TRACK."

A new four-act drama, from the pen of E. Towers, and bearing the above title, was first performed at the East London Theatre, London, Eng., Nov. 24. *The Era* says of it:

It is a work capitally written, full of interest, replete with action, abounding with well-contrived situations, which may properly be characterized as striking, and, notwithstanding the abundance of glaring improbabilities, calculated to arrest and hold the attention of an audience from the commencement to the end. The plot turns upon the accusation and subsequent trial of a young farmer named Harry Truelove, for a crime committed by a couple of scoundrels, the one being Squire Mowbray, a bankrupt gambler, and the other John Carter, a drunken, dissipated blacksmith, who acts as the tool of the fashionable villain. Squire Mowbray has more than one purpose to serve in implicating Harry Truelove, for the young farmer is his rival for the hand and heart of the village belle, Mary Martin. One of the victims of these scoundrels is old Jasper Blake, the village carrier, and, as the latter shall be followed to the gallows for the murder which properly be awarded to them, Mary Martin, who has become the wife of the Squire, suspects his villany, starts "on the track" with a firm resolve to make clear the innocence of her first love, and to bring justice to the guilty ones. The perils she risks, the hardships she endures, the trouble she undertakes, are all calculated to win for her the sympathy of the audience; and as an instance of her daring deeds we may state that in one scene she is found fighting Squire Mowbray with a red hot poker: this startling incident arousing the spectators to enthusiasm. The play is too long about this. It is realism with a vengeance. There is the fire, and there is the poker, the paper with which the scoundrel protects his hands in the struggle giving forth smoke and sparks, which are represented like a sensation, and left no room for doubt as to the genuineness of the incident.

HELENA MODJESKA, ACTRESS.

On Aug. 20, 1877, upon the stage of the California Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., the subject of our sketch made her American debut, acting the title character in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," with which our readers have possibly been made familiar in years gone by under the title of "Adrienne the Actress." About a year previous, Mme. Modjeska left Warsaw, Poland, for California, and during this time she devoted herself to perfecting the English language. While in San Francisco she resolved to go upon the stage, and her debut took place as announced. Our correspondent, in reviewing her performances, accorded her a triumphant success. She acted Adrienne during the week, and on Saturday night, when she played, for the manager's benefit, Ophelia in "Hamlet," acting the mad scene in the Polish language. Rose Eytinge, who was to have commenced an engagement Aug. 27, kindly yielded one week of her time to Mme. Modjeska, who repeated her impersonation of Ophelia 27, 28, acted Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" 29, 30, 31, and closed her engagement with a repetition of Adrienne Sept. 1. Subsequently she performed for a few nights in the interior cities, and on Nov. 5 began a brief engagement of one week's duration in the California Theatre, acting

THEATRICAL RECORD,

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Dec. 17.

LADIES' LIST.

Aeken, Mrs. Fannie
Adams, and Guy Linton, Lucy.
Adair, Ada
Archer, Lottie
Amour, Inez
Beaumont, Nellie (2)
Blande, Edith
Brose, Neemie
Bonnet, Marie
Brown, Lottie
Bernard, Lottie
Bradley, Mrs. Leanora
Byron, Libbie
Boshell, Louise
Byron, Lizzie
Bennett, Alice
Coleman, Nellie
Chambers, Augusta
Clifton, Blanche
Cummings, Mrs. Minnie
Cascili, Mrs. Fannie
Cladin, Mrs. (p.o. Smark 3 st. 90) 5c.
Claxton, Kate
Clark, Lillian
Cleree
Coope, or Cole, Miss A.
Cooke, Ellenor 5c.
Cogdon, Rose
Dimple, Dotty (not Dolly)
Dillon, Susie (voc. calist)
Alvarets, Mr.
Alleyne, E. T. J. (2)
Allen, Henry F.
Allen, Billy (clog dist.
Ainsley, Ned
Allen, J.
Armstrong, Harry
Aymar, Albert
Abbott, Chas. (of Mulier's Co.)
Austin, Chas. (of Healy's Co.)
Anderson, Harry
Burnett, Ali
Brasel, John
Buskwell, Mons.
Brown, Geo. W.
Benton, Geo. (with Hi Henry)
Bronson, Geo.
Brown, E. B. (agent)
Burley, G. Swain (2)
Bryant & Daly
Butler, Harry (comed., etc.)
Bernard, L. W.
Bennett, J. T. (of Paster's Co.)
Burton, Chas. A.
Barr, O. H.
Bruno, Gus (late of Shelby's) (2)
Bryant, Nell (2)
Baby Conubination, Agent of
Blitz, Eugene
Benedict, Lew (2)
Burnett, J. H.
Boyd, H. B.
Bleeker, Sylvester
Bisbee, Frank
Brown, B. P. (leader)
Barkman, G. W. (2)
Cone, Spencer
Conard and Goldman
Corvella, Bob
Clark, L. (of Clark Bros.)
Carter, J. Hennege
Cooke, Pope
Cassidy, Geo.
Cole, Lew
Chanfrau Combination, Agent
Cooper, E. M.
Cole, W.
Cobb, Willis
Clark, Burt
Carr, Frank H.
Craig, R. A.
Callender, John P.
Coleman, D. W. (2)
Chase & Davis
Clifton Harry
Cardello, Ch.
Crane, Harry (vocalist)
Caselli, T. S.
Conners, J. (of Conners & Coleman)
Dickson, Harry
Dixon, F. (of Holman Op. Co.) (2)
De Rosa, Frank
Dupree, C. H.
Dillon, John (comed.)
Davis, C. L.
Daily, Bob & Alice
Denier, John
Duffy, Ed
Diamond, Chas. (3)
Dockstader, Chas. R.
Doty, J. Arthur
Doud, Frank A.
Dowd, Chas. N.
Dobson, Chas.
Dowling, J. J.
De Rand, J. W.
Dingess, Jno. A.
Dawre, Wm.
Edwards, Col. Pane
England, Wm.
Edwards, Frank
Eisninger, E. G.
Eastwood, Mr. (of Thorne & Co.)
Earle, Edmund T.
Forspaugh, Adam (2)
Freeth, J. W.
Failing, E. E.
France, Sidney
Foskin, —
Friedley, J. (with Jubilee Singers)
Frankam, G. W.
Frohman, Mr.
Felton, Fred.
Fox, Wm.
Fox, J. H. (of Dup. & Ben. Min.)
Freise, A. (2) 18c.
Florence, Geo. A.
Fisher, Mary A.
Fabra, Sig. (2)
Foxwell, H. T.
Gibson, Johnny
Gregory, J. C.
Goddard, Jack
Grayson, Mark
Green, J. (with Mocking-bird min.)
Gaylor, Bobby
Gotthold, E. M.

Tom Letters in the Wheeling (W. Va.) Post office for Thos. Ryan of Mendelson Co., and Lizzie Herbert of Pord's Co.

Hall, Alfred
Hutchinson, Family
Hogan, Con
Hutchinson, J. (of Hauptmar, Arthur B.
Van Amburg, Cir.)
Hussey, F.
Hallie, — (of Japanese Co.)
Johnson & Radcliff
Jackson, J. F.
Jennings, J. O.
Jennings, J. (of Manch. & Jenn.)
Jones, Jack
Kidder, C. W.
Kelly, J. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Kernan, J. F.
Kelly, John
Kelley, Chas. (late of Kelly & Ryan
Kelly, Acton, E.
Leopold, Edgar (manist)
Liston, Hudson
Leonard, Wallie & Annie
Leyton, Farnworth, F.
Leavitt, Andy
Lang, Joseph
Lipman, M. L.
Leon, Mlle.
Lucas, S. (with Hyer Sisters)
Lally & Mack
Levantine, Fred. F.
Lloyd, Ed. G.
Leopold & Gaston
Luer, F. (of Camille Urso's Co.)
Lilley, Chas. A.
Leslie, David
Lee, Lavater T.
Lay, S.
Morris, D. L.
Maurice, W. W.
Meade, Jas. A.
Morbach, Edward
Moulton, Gus
McDonough, J. E.
Mack, Chas. W.
Mortimer, C. K.
Manvers & Wood (2)
Murphy & Shannon
Murphy, Burke
Morse, J. T.
Merrittius, Wm. (2)
McIntyre & Heath (2)
Martinetti, Harry (2)
Morris, Felix J.
Morton & Levitt 6c.
Maguire, J. (of Wooten's Olymp.)
Moseley, M. A.
Mackie, J. G. (vocalist)
Miles, Alf.
Murray, Dominick
Murphy & Mack
McVeigh, John
Morris, Andy
McCauley & Bell
Murray, John H.
Morris, —
Georgia Minst.)
Mulligan & Weaver (2)
Mills, Gus
Murphy, J. E. (of Murphy & Mack)
Magee, C. (of Mulder)
McAllister, B.
Rhodes, D. (of Gt. Eastern Cir.)
Russell, Thos.
Raymond, J. T.
Robinson, C. M. (manager)
Randall, J. W.
Ryse, E.
Reilly, John
Roberts, Sir Randal
Stevens, John A. (2)
Scanlan, Wm.
Smith, Chas. (of Cole's Cir.)
Swonsbourne, C.
Scanlan & Oronin
Sebastian, Rio
Sparks, Andrew
Stubbs, Stokes
Smith, W. H. (banjoist)
Scheffel, John B.
Shaugraun Co., Agt. Agent
Sargent, Hamilton
Stowe, W. H.
Swain, Sam
Sawyer Family
Bell-ringers
Spaulding, W. P.
Scott, Harry
Sells Bros.
Smith, F. (of Boucicault's Co.) 6c.
Slavin, J. H. (2)
Sinclair, Fred O.
Sully, Dan
Simmons & Howell
Skellings, Geo.
Shaw, Geo.
Spaulding, W. L.
Showles, J. J.
Sherman, Jerome W.
Stone, Den
Stuttz, J. G.
Schumacher, Jack
Shirtz, W. (of Pavilion, Hartford)
Searle, C. (of Dup. & Ben. Min.)
Sells, L. (of Sells' Bro. Cir.)
Sperry, H. (of N.O. Minst.)
Stone, H. (of Amy Stone's Co.)
"Secretary"
Shafer, J. A.
Shafer, J. A. (Japanese Co.)
Taylor, Jas. (of Collseum's Cir.)
Tutt, Chicago
Tuthill, Fred
Teese, C.
Turner & Geyer 6c.
Thompson, Ed.
Thayer, Dr. J. L.
Ura, — (gymnast)
Tose, Val
Velarde, C. Edwards
Voos, A. E.
Vernon, Harry
Warner, J. E. (of K. Claxton's Co.)
Werner, Ned
Wellington
Wade, J. (with Pullman & Hamilson)
Wagner's Minstrels (manager)
Weaver, John
Wood & West
Wood, Harry (2)
Walters & Wallace
Wild, Frank (variety "biz")
Washburn, E. S.
Wood, Col. J. (Asst. of Allen Sisters)
Williams, Claude
Warren, Wm.
Woodville, Jas.
Woodson, Harry
Wade, Harry (p. o. m. Callao)
Winnett, Thos.
Wise, Prof. J.
Wyndham, Alice (2)
Warren, Bessie & Dollie
Worrell, Ireno
Warren, Jennie
Woods, Carrie
Yeamans, Jennie (2)
Young, Mrs. Chas.
Yeamans, Mrs. Annie
Zantretta, Josephine

GENTLEMEN'S LIST

Alleyne, Tom
Allen, W. (with Sprague & Blodgett)
Austin Bros.
Allen, J. (with Allen Steers)
Alvarets, Mr.
Allen, Billy (clog dist.
Ainsley, Ned
Allen, J.
Armstrong, Harry
Aymar, Albert
Abbott, Chas. (of Mulier's Co.)
Austin, Chas. (of Healy's Co.)
Anderson, Harry
Burnett, Ali
Brasel, John
Buskwell, Mons.
Brown, Geo. W.
Benton, Geo. (with Hi Henry)
Bronson, Geo.
Brown, E. B. (agent)
Burley, G. Swain (2)
Bryant & Daly
Butler, Harry (comed., etc.)
Bernard, L. W.
Bennett, J. T. (of Paster's Co.)
Burton, Chas. A.
Barr, O. H.
Bruno, Gus (late of Shelby's) (2)
Bryant, Nell (2)
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Benedict, Lew (2)
Burnett, J. H.
Boyd, H. B.
Bleeker, Sylvester
Bisbee, Frank
Brown, B. P. (leader)
Barkman, G. W. (2)
Cone, Spencer
Conard and Goldman
Corvella, Bob
Clark, L. (of Clark Bros.)
Carter, J. Hennege
Cooke, Pope
Cassidy, Geo.
Cole, Lew
Chanfrau Combination, Agent
Cooper, E. M.
Cole, W.
Cobb, Willis
Clark, Burt
Carr, Frank H.
Craig, R. A.
Callender, John P.
Coleman, D. W. (2)
Chase & Davis
Clifton Harry
Cardello, Ch.
Crane, Harry (vocalist)
Caselli, T. S.
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Dobson, Chas.
Dowling, J. J.
De Rand, J. W.
Dingess, Jno. A.
Dawre, Wm.
Edwards, Col. Pane
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Edwards, Frank
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Gibson, Johnny
Gregory, J. C.
Goddard, Jack
Grayson, Mark
Green, J. (with Mocking-bird min.)
Gaylor, Bobby
Gotthold, E. M.
Geyer, Albert (2)
Gaylord, Willie
Girard, Frank
Gorman, Eugene F. (2)
Gerry, D. S.
Gulick, Jas. T.
Gwynette, Harry
Graham, T. J.
Guy, W. H. (of Guy Family)
Good, Chas. M.
Gaskins, Robinson's Minst.)
Healy, Dr. J. E.
Henderson, G. J.
Hallett, Lee
Holton, — (of London Par., Hartford)
Huntley, Wm. A.
Hall, Alfred
Harkins, W. S.
Hall, Alfred
Hutchinson, Family
Hogan, Con
Hutchinson, J. (of Hauptmar, Arthur B.
Van Amburg, Cir.)
Hussey, F.
Hallie, — (of Japanese Co.)
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Leavitt, Andy
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Leon, Mlle.
Lucas, S. (with Hyer Sisters)
Lally & Mack
Levantine, Fred. F.
Lloyd, Ed. G.
Leopold & Gaston
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Leslie, David
Lee, Lavater T.
Lay, S.
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Maurice, W. W.
Meade, Jas. A.
Morbach, Edward
Moulton, Gus
McDonough, J. E.
Mack, Chas. W.
Mortimer, C. K.
Manvers & Wood (2)
Murphy & Shannon
Murphy, Burke
Morse, J. T.
Merrittius, Wm. (2)
McIntyre & Heath (2)
Martinetti, Harry (2)
Morris, Felix J.
Morton & Levitt 6c.
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Miles, Alf.
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Murphy & Mack
McVeigh, John
Morris, Andy
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Mills, Gus
Murphy, J. E. (of Murphy & Mack)
Magee, C. (of Mulder)
McAllister, B.
Rhodes, D. (of Gt. Eastern Cir.)
Russell, Thos.
Raymond, J. T.
Robinson, C. M. (manager)
Randall, J. W.
Ryse, E.
Reilly, John
Roberts, Sir Randal
Stevens, John A. (2)
Scanlan, Wm.
Smith, Chas. (of Cole's Cir.)
Swonsbourne, C.
Scanlan & Oronin
Sebastian, Rio
Sparks, Andrew
Stubbs, Stokes
Smith, W. H. (banjoist)
Scheffel, John B.
Shaugraun Co., Agt. Agent
Sargent, Hamilton
Stowe, W. H.
Swain, Sam
Sawyer Family
Bell-ringers
Spaulding, W. P.
Scott, Harry
Sells Bros.
Smith, F. (of Boucicault's Co.) 6c.
Slavin, J. H. (2)
Sinclair, Fred O.
Sully, Dan
Simmons & Howell
Skellings, Geo.
Shaw, Geo.
Spaulding, W. L.
Showles, J. J.
Sherman, Jerome W.
Stone, Den
Stuttz, J. G.
Schumacher, Jack
Shirtz, W. (of Pavilion, Hartford)
Searle, C. (of Dup. & Ben. Min.)
Sells, L. (of Sells' Bro. Cir.)
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Turner & Geyer 6c.
Thompson, Ed.
Thayer, Dr. J. L.
Ura, — (gymnast)
Tose, Val
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Voos, A. E.
Vernon, Harry
Warner, J. E. (of K. Claxton's Co.)
Werner, Ned
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Wagner's Minstrels (manager)
Weaver, John
Wood & West
Wood, Harry (2)
Walters & Wallace
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Wood, Col. J. (Asst. of Allen Sisters)
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Woodville, Jas.
Woodson, Harry
Wade, Harry (p. o. m. Callao)
Winnett, Thos.
Wise, Prof. J.
Wyndham, Alice (2)
Warren, Bessie & Dollie
Worrell, Ireno
Warren, Jennie
Woods, Carrie
Yeamans, Jennie (2)
Young, Mrs. Chas.
Yeamans, Mrs. Annie
Zantretta, Josephine

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Dec. 17, '77.

The weather during the past few days has been as delightfully fresh and balmy as the laugh of a child, or as the outcropping of a maiden's first love; and it was not surprising that our thoroughfares were crowded with the beauty and fashion and democracy of the metropolis. Broadway was like a moving panorama on Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday Fifth avenue was resplendent with the glitter and gorgeousness which only wealth can express, and which serve to make a poor man feel dissatisfied with himself, and with those eccentricities of nature which denude him of luxuries, and set him down on his beam-ends without a silver to secure him a schooner of beer, plentiful and cheap as that amber-colored beverage may be. Costly velvets and laces and sealskins and silks made the glorious Fifth avenue look like a horticultural show, with choice exotics peeping out here and there, and the living green, as seen in the people, showing in sterling contrast with the brilliant hues of the flowers with which the ladies' headgear was hedged in and about; and in striking contrast, too, was this beautiful display with that made in a turnip-patch just above Central Park, where cabbages were sprouting in the clear, warm sun, and the pure turnip-tops pushing their heads out of the fruitful soil. All nature seemed glad; the sparrows chirped their matin-song, and the hoptrog kerchunked his mirthful lay as he swung corners on the muddy banks of a meandering stream, and jumped for very joy in his blissful ignorance, for he fondly imagined that Summer had come again; and, and —— Whenever we get started in an eloquent train like that we don't know when to stop, unless the dinner-bell, with its fascinations, allures us to brighter scenes .....You want us to tell you how theatricals flourished in the week just closed. Well, managers never look for big returns during the two weeks preceding Christmas and New-Year's day; and so they are not disappointed when the absence outnumbers their habitual attendance. No manager was vouchsafed the ineffable pleasure of announcing "Standing-room only," for seats were plentiful everywhere, except in one or two of our variety theatres, where "we the people" turned in in large numbers. At those houses where speculators do not "stand in" with industrious treasurers the former must have felt some what sad and depressed in spirits when a balance came to be struck, and the speculator found himself stuck. Whenever we see a case of this kind we always offer our sympathies and condolence, and bring sunshine out of the dark cloud by making up the unfortunate one's losses, and reading him a touching lecture on the vicissitudes of human interests and the uncertainty of *total* depravity..... They are gone—Lydia Thompson, Emily Duncan and Alice Burville—and we shall mourn them as a belated wayfarer mourns the absence of the noonday lunch. Why did they go so soon? Well, the speculation did not prove as remunerative as had been looked for, and while bouncing over many things they despise, they concluded to pack up their traps and sail the seas over for pastures old. Our people are not giving away money just now, and the blondes are not as young and seductive as they were ten years ago. And so they lit out, if we may be permitted to use their own figurative language.....As one departs, another takes her place. What ho! there. Room for the Countess, the noble

MODJESKA.

There's a new actress coming—Modjeska;
On Saturday night we shall first her;
But we tell her in candor,
If she doesn't beat Ander-
son, nobody here will molest her.

.....If you desire to have a good, hearty laugh, without any connivance on your own part, drop in at the Frisco Minstrel's Hall, and listen to the touching recitals by George Thatcher. George came here unheralded, as it might be; but his quiet humor and eccentric remarks, "entirely different from the rest," have brought him into favor at once, and established him as "a fellow of infinite jest." Go, hear George and his little story, and say if you could hatch it better..... Once upon a time—this, you will perceive, is a fairy-story—there was a new play produced at a theatre. The morning after we spread out the daily papers and read the comments of the critics. The first said, "a thorough success;" the second said, "a most weak and lamentable failure;" the third said, "crisp in dialogue and effective in situations;" the fourth said, "insipid and flabby, without a single original situation;" the fifth—but we did not read the fifth. Sadly we folded up the papers, sank back in our easy-chair, and fell to wondering whether the critics could all be in the right, and, if so, what would be left of the play.....We observe that at the Detroit Grand Opera-house, recently, "Escaped from Sing Sing" followed "Mickey Free." The incongruity here is painfully apparent. Mickey could not be free until after he was out of Sing Sing. And notwithstanding Jim's suggestion that it may have been Mickey's brother who escaped, we think the order of the plays ought to be changed.....They appear to have had a slight misunderstanding in Pittsburg of late, Manager Gotthold bringing suit against one of the local journals. We have not informed ourselves as to the relative merits of the case, but the managed seems to have Gotthold of something which he considers a libel and—and—well, that's the only pun we had to perpetrate, and having got that off we will hold our peace. [*Note.*—Put the accent on "got" and "hold."].....Booth's will be vivified soon [that is so neat we shall use it again some time] by the graceful presence of Fanny Davenport. While we are naturally of a modest nature, we are still gallant, and it is gallantry which prompts these

LINES TO FANNY.

Some night you promise to appear
In "As You Like It"—for the rest
We may not speak; but for ourselves
We'd say, as *you*, we like it best.

.....Among the many advertisements in this issue of our invaluable paper is one which deserves more than a passing notice. The advertiser wants "a top-mounter," and he wittily adds: "He must be 'well up' in the business." As if a top-mounter could be anything *but* "well up!".....Here is a little screed sent to us by a correspondent in Canton. [Oh, no, Jimmy; not in China, but Canton, Ohio. "Oh!"] During the performance of "The Two Orphans," at the point where Pierre makes his appearance, a broken Dutch friend (who, by the way, takes a great interest in plays and playactors and shows of all kinds) quietly remarked:

"Billy, don'd you vas can remember dot female impostor vot vas here mit dot Cal Vagner, I don'd know ?"

"You mean the female impersonator," I replied.

"Yaas, dat's de mames."

"Yes, I remember him; you have reference to Harry Pierson."

"Dot's de feller. Vell, you see dose gribble?"

"Yes."

"Vell, dot's his fadder."

"You are mistaken; that is not Harry's father."

"No, sir; I don't vas mistaken; dot ish his fadder. I bade you a dollar, und broof it."

The wager was made, money put up, and then the Dutchman replied:

"Ish not dot Pierre?"

"Yes."

"Und isn't not dot udder feller Pier-son?" Our opinion being asked, we must decide in favor of the Dutchman....One of those statistical wretches who love to figure out how many apple-skins it would take to cover the earth's surface, has been at work estimating how far Blondin has traveled on a tight-rope; and he makes the total distance 2,500 miles. Think of it! Two thousand five hundred miles on a rope! It must make itself at once apparent that Blondin could never have accomplished this perilous pedestrianism if he had been in the same condition as the rope—i. e., tight. And while we would not in any measure detract from the artist's performances, it may be incidentally remarked that *some* men have traveled even farther on a rope—so far that they never returned!..... When the father of Mlle. Albani assures us that the lady is not married, we are willing, of course, to accept his word; but when the worthy gentleman adds, "Nor is she likely to marry for some time to come," we are filled with vague and thrilling misgivings. When, from the time of Eve down to the present, did a father ever know how soon his daughter might slip into the meshes of matrimony? There was Helen of Troy—no, James, she was not the mother of "Helen's Babies"—you know what she did. And Troy is only a few miles from Albany!.....Among the many distinguished scientific gentlemen, we were recently invited up to the Aquarium to examine the petrified man from Colorado. (The Jim boy calls him the putrified one.) We examined him. As to our opinion concerning this phenomenon, we cannot better express it than in the following touching lines:

THE PETRIFIED MAN.

And did you roam the Western plains
In some age prehistoric
And did you suffer cramps and pains,
And fossil cholic?
Thy tale is odd, and yet we wish
To celebrate thy glory;
Because we see you here with fish,
And not with poetry.

.....Perhaps it ought to be explained that when Aimee appears as "Queen Indigo" it is not in the character of a washerwoman. She may be Indigo, you know, but she could never be blue—in fact, her mission is to drive away the blues..... We did not intend to say we took a seat in the theatre Friday night. This, we mused to ourselves, this is the last time that we shall ever be permitted to feast our eyes upon the symmetrical outlines of Lydia's form. She is going away, across the sea, and we shall probably never see her again unless we become the president of a savings-bank and circumstances make it necessary for us to take an ocean voyage. Musing thus sadly, it was natural that we should drop into rhyme, and this is what we dropped:

FAREWELL TO LYDIA.

So fare thee well, sweet Lydia
Fond memories round thee twine,
For when our heads were giddier
We worshiped at thy shrine;
And spite of all that critics say
Or jealous prudes insinuate,
We never saw you in a play
That was the strict line of the strictest.

.....No, James, "Monte Cristo" is not a game like three-card monte. It is the title of a powerful story by Dumas, which has been dramatized, and which is announced for to-night at the Broadway. What is that? You heard somebody say that "Monte Cristo" was a big card? Look here, James; you must learn to distinguish the difference between "a card" in theatric phraseology and a ten-spot or deuce. The former is valued in proportion to its drawing powers; the latter is prized for taking tricks. If you were on the stage, for example, you would be a very small card indeed—not bigger than a two-spot—and yet in the hands of tricksters you are an ace. [This is a great and a card-inal truth.—ED.]

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

A special dispatch sent from Cleveland, O., on Dec. 16, announces that D. C. Bangs is in a very critical condition, and may not recover, the neuralgia which created him at the Opera-house there on the night of the 13th inst. threatening to attack his brain, as its course has since been upward along the spine. The telegraph adds that his company was disbanded Saturday night. Immunity from business cares will probably aid towards the restoration of the invalid.....Twenty years ago a young girl, accompanied by her mother, and conspicuous for her reserve and modesty, was wont to participate in the rehearsals of a dramatic association at Military Hall, this city. Among the other members of that organization were R. H. Barnard, J. R. Walters, J. M. Warren and one Clifford. The last is not far from our elbow as we write, Barnard has since been superintendent of the Western District division of the Union Company, Walters is a performer of note in the Knickerbocker Ward, and Warren is the manager of a theatre. All four names were fictitious. That of the lady was simply Miss Augusta on the bills. It was she who on the night of Dec. 14, at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, for Miss Mary Anderson's benefit electrified the assemblage by reciting "Fontenoy." That was, we think, Miss Augusta Dargon's first appearance upon the regular stage of the city in which she first essayed histrionics .....John McCullough arrived here on Dec. 16, and stationed himself temporarily at the Sturtevant House. .....John Brougham is still an invalid and very weak, but pronounced out of danger.....Pat Rooney reappears in this city on Dec. 24, at the Theatre Comique.....Miss Adelaide Langdon is to appear in one of W. J. Wills' plays as a holiday attraction for this city.....The time being so near at which Miss Ida Savory's final retirement from the stage is to take place, and the lady becoming an invalid mother who requires her presence occasionally, it is by no means certain that she will be able to reappear at the Park Theatre, this city. Last week her place as Florence Trenchard in "Our American Cousin" was taken by Miss Alice Wyndham.....C. W. Coulcock and Miss Annie Edmondson have been engaged for Fiske's Fifth-avenue Theatre Company.....W. F. Burroughs, brother of Claude, is one of the special engagements for the support of Modjeska in this city, and will appear as Laertes to-night as Salvini's Hamlet .....Two weeks ago Miss Anna Simxweiller, Washington, D. C., while practicing a piece of vocal music written in a high key, suddenly lost her voice and has not since been able to speak even in a whisper, although otherwise entirely well.....Sig. Bardi, one of the chief tenors of the Havana Opera Company, died in that city about Dec. 1.....The Brooklyn Academy of Music Theatre Fire Relief Committee have now a balance on hand of $11,000. They have decided to pay out but $1,500 per month hereafter, instead of $1,533 as before. .....George W. Orris sailed for Havana, Cuba, on the 15th inst.....The suit of F. S. Gilmore against Sheridan Shook, to recover certain receipts of Gilmore's Garden, this city, was discontinued in the Court of Common Pleas on Dec. 11.....Walter S. Hill, manager of the American Lecture Bureau, on the same date applied for the appointment or a receiver of a fund of $4,000, accruing from the Lime Concerts at Cooper Institute, as superintendent of which, and as furnisher of talent, he was to get ten per cent., but hasn't got it. The suit is against J. Watson, Miss Annie A. Watson, and Henry Fleming. Hill alleges that J. Watson and Fleming are the proprietors, and these two allege that Miss Watson is the boss.....R. L. Farjeon made his first appearance in America at Conway's Theatre, Brooklyn, on Dec. 17, in Lafayette-avenue Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., his theme being his own "Blade o' Grass." On the 18th he read it at Steinway Hall, this city.....Breeding Dillon, who arrived in this city on Dec. 14, has taken rooms at the Clarendon Hotel her headquarters.....An organ for the Centenary Methodist Church at Richmond, Va., was exhibited at Erben's factory, this city, on Dec. 12, by Messrs. G. W. Morgan, Henry Carter, Henry Bialla, John White and other organists. It is an instrument of two manuals and pedal, with about thirty stops, including three sixteen-foot registers and thirteen of eight feet. The bellows, furnished with a tripie feeder, will be worked by a hydraulic motor.....Miss Clara Gowper, whose illness was reported by us a month ago, has returned to England, having retired from the stage, temporarily at least.....The Count Joannes, who in the long ago was a much finer actor than they now give him credit for who did not then see him, is to reappear in this city on Dec. 24, as Richard III. The lady who is called Miss Avonia Fairbanks, after the Count's deceased daughter (Mrs. G. V. Brooke), and whom the Count himself terms both "fairbones and artist," will support him as Lady Anne.

CITY SUMMARY.

THE GLOBE THEATRE, 728 and 730 Broadway, is to be opened Dec. 24 by Harry Willard, under the title of the National Theatre. Rose and Harry Watkins are to be the first star attractions.

IRA A. PAINE, Larry Tooley, Little Bertie Rhinehart, the Sparks Brothers, and Morris and Fields are the fresh arrivals this week at the London.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT, owing to injuries received by a fall on the stage in Detroit, Mich., while acting in "Vesta," has been compelled to defer the commencement of her engagement in Booth's Theatre until Dec. 22.

MR. AND MRS. HAROLD POWER sailed for England in the steamship Celtic Dec. 15. Their entertainments here did not meet with the success anticipated.

ROSE EYTINGE, George C. Boniface, Betty Rigl and others have been engaged for a two months' tour of the West in "Antony and Cleopatra," beginning in Chicago, Ill., Dec. 24.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON, the Misses Alice Burville, Emily Duncan, and Messrs. H. Saker and Michael Connolly sailed for England in the steamship Richmond Dec. 15.

JOHN M. TURNER, McCullough and Casey, Dick Rowe, Capt. A. H. Bogardus, Miss Nully Pieris and Robert Aubrey reinforced the company at the Olympic Theatre Dec. 10. John M. Turner has won much reputation as a trick and banjo player, and quite deservedly so; his manipulation is very rapid and skillful, and he apparently possesses a thorough mastery of the instrument; he performs juggling feats with the banjo, without interrupting the melody, and succeeds in performing upon two banjos at the same time. Liberal applause greeted his efforts. McCullough and Casey, grotesquely made up as an Irish couple, sang "The Happy Irish Pair," which was interspersed with some lively dancing; in response to recalls they gave "The Irish Invitation," introducing a Lancashire clog hornpipe, and, both appearing in male attire, they gave further proof of their skill in varied styles of dancing. Dick Rowe proved to be one of the best contortionists we have ever seen upon the local stage; not only did he accomplish with apparent ease all the most difficult feats hitherto given here by similar performers, but he performed many never attempted by them. A pen-picture of the various evolutions he described would fail to do them justice. Capt. A. H. Bogardus gave an exhibition of his skill in shattering with a shot-gun glass globules sprung from traps—he is an excellent marksman, and scarcely missed a ball; he confined himself to straightforward shooting at single balls, introducing no tricks save when, in response to a recall, he shot at a few balls, springing his gun to his shoulder and firing from the hip, instead of allowing his assistants to do it. An announcement was made that he would shatter twelve balls within one minute, and during this feat he had the assistance of an attendant, who handed him cartridges; he was liberally applauded. Nully Pieris received a cordial greeting, and her vocalization was accordant with customary meed of favor. Robert Aubrey, after performing a series of difficult feats upon a lofty trapeze which swung across the auditorium parallel with the proscenium, ascended to the gallery, and after lighting a number of cases of fireworks affixed to a large iron hoop, from which at intervals also projected sharp knives, he sprang through the flames and smoke, caught the bar of a trapeze suspended several feet distant, swung across the entire auditorium, and caught the bar of another trapeze suspended over the stage, to which he descended amid the most enthusiastic applause. The feat is fraught with much peril, but it was bravely accomplished. Joe Lang and others in a sketch called "An Actor's Mishap;" acrobatic feats by the Davenport Brothers, and later, in conjunction with Cardella and Victorelli, in horizontal-bar performances; songs and dances by Lizzie Mulvey; character dancing by Sally and Lucy Clinetop; a petite ballet by Helene Menzell and corvphees; songs and dances by Bobby Newcomb; comic songs by Harry Montague, and a ballet pantomime entitled "Jeannette and Jeannot," with Mafflt, Bartholomew, Charles Ravel, J. M. Freeman, Helene Menzell and others in the cast, filled out the programme. Attendance large. Clara and Helen Courtland and Julcene, who were billed for Dec. 10, were not visible when we attended the theatre.

F. S. CHANFRAU commenced his second engagement at the Grand Opera-house this season Dec. 10, acting Salem Scudder in "The Octoroon," which was mounted in a highly effective manner, much of the scenery being very beautiful; and the mechanical effects, notably that of the burning of the steamship Pocahontas, were realistic. Although the attendance was only fair on the first performance, it increased nightly. The acting was a little uneven at first, but improved upon subsequent representations. It is not necessary to dilate upon the excellent performance of Salem Scudder by Mr. Chanfrau, as our readers are familiar with it. Alex. Fitzgerald was quite successful in the impersonation of Jacob Nichols, the brutal overseer, his acting being quite vigorous; George F. McDonald deserves praise for an excellent performance of the Indian Wah-no-tee, his pantomime being graceful and expressive; Albert Roberts hardly achieved success as George Peyton, but he is to be credited for his conscientious efforts to please; Mrs. Eve gave a capital performance of Pete, and infused a fresh interest in the character by introducing numerous gags, most of which were appropriate to the situation, and took well; J. A. Wilks did some excellent character-acting as Squire Sunnyside, being artistically made-up and entirely at ease in both action and manner; Miss Bascom is pretty, graceful and natural; John Mathews gave a life-like portraiture of Capt. Ratts of the steamer Magnolia; G. W. Herbert discharged the duties of Col. Poindexter succinctly; Miss Lillie Eldridge was not in all respects thoroughly satisfactory as Zoe—while there was much in her impersonation to commend, still she was somewhat lacking in magnetic sympathy, and failed to touch the hearts of her auditors; Miss May Gallagher, considering her brief experience, and that she appears to the best advantage in soubrette characters, was fairly successful as Dora Sunnyside; Mrs. H. A. Weaver was satisfactory as Mrs. Peyton, and the minor characters were correctly acted.

A POSITIVE NOVELTY was infused into minstrelsy by George Thatcher, who joined the San Francisco Minstrels Dec. 10. He is a comedian of rare ability, and made at once a great success. As he came before the audience with a sedate expression of countenance, the eccentricity of his make-up immediately excited a smile. He then began to talk to the audience in such a way as addressing friends and acquaintances in his own apartments, interlarding his conversation with anecdotes and quaint songs. But it was his inimitable manner of delivery, rather than the matter, which provoked constantly increasing laughter. At first he made a remark in concise and correct language, and then, apparently thinking that his audience did not quite understand him, he repeated the remark several times, and each time the language was more and more confused, and, although the audience was wellnigh convulsed with laughter, not the faintest scintillation of a smile illuminated his corkscrew face. Before singing a quaint ditty he gave an elaborate description of it, which became confusion worse confounded ere he finished. He was vociferously applauded, and several times recalled. His performances must be seen to be appreciated, as a pen-picture fails to convey a good idea of his quaint style and inimitable way. The other changes in the programme included "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," sung by H. W. Frillman; "Call Me Your Darling Again," by W. Raymond; "It's Hard to Love," by Charley Backus; and "The Sweet By-and-bye," by D. S. Wambold. A good business was done.

MISS ANNETTA DAGGON made her first appearance upon the stage of any regular theatre in this city Dec. 14, for the benefit of Miss Mary Anderson. To prevent the above remarks from being misconstrued, it should be stated that she had performed in this vicinity years ago as an amateur, and has since appeared at intervals as a reader. Attired in a plain costume of black silk, ornamented with bouquets of crimson chrysanthemums, she came before the audience to recite "Fontenoy." The silence was almost oppressive as the attention of the entire audience, which was quite numerous, became fixed upon the professional stranger, and so continued until she had finished, when the theatre fairly resounded with applause that startled the musicians in the orchestra. In response to a recall she recited the description of the chase as told by Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance," in which her success was equally marked, and she was compelled to reappear several times ere the enthusiasm which she had aroused in abated. She has a comely appearance, a good stage presence, and evinced more than ordinary elocutionary skill. She reads intelligently, enunciates distinctly, and evinces the possession of much force and intensity. The other portions of the benefit bill included the second and third acts of both "Ingomar" and "Guy Mannering." The first-named of these plays was acted Dec. 10, 12, 15, and the other 11, 13, and matinee 15, to a good attendance.

JOHN PHILIP STONER died of consumption at his residence,

ring the second week of
Walnut-street Theatre,
in "Brunhild," "Che-
art," and "Catherine of
a five-act play written
Bridgeman of London,
the first time on any
llowing cast: Catherine
me. Janauschek; Cheva-
Alcot; Count Orlof, H.
itz, Mark J. Pendleton;
Rotontay, Levi Harris;
ner; Romanoff, W. H.
Stevens; Non-commis-
ne; Officer, J. P. Deuel;
abella Dagonowski, Mrs.
De Bruce, Mrs. C. Heuri;
ice Sherwood. Our cor-

r, has seized upon a love
ne II, and on a very simple
e which, possessing many
affording frequent oppor-
d be all the better for a little
he action is a few years
the time is Ireland, to which
was necessary. Where the
et Chevalier Montbrun and
ioff, although not retaining
lace in the affections of his
ontbrun, knowing Catherine
s was too beautiful, beauty and
the ingenuousness of her
her throne. Count Orloff,
pts to win the Empress to
otting against the throne,
the Chevalier for his un-
ssion a motive to draw the
onspiracy and so to compass
herine meets her lover in a
purpose, and learns from his
to kill the Empress. There
spirators that night, in this
solves to come there, con-
and announces her identity
in an inner chamber the last
taken out to be shot. He-
er to save him, thinks only
the cottage he locked upon
to him and un-man him by
nted, and Catherine enters
ll a prisoner and her lover
. Finally, when the deed
rows aside the mask of Em-
nd a heart-broken woman.
ic abilities were of a remark-
e of Ie II. Mr. and Mrs.
and M. J. Pendleton rendered
parts, while J. F. Deuel, Jr.,
Page. W. H. Jones and Mrs.
parts with due importance.
d Dec. 14 and 15. It was
stage, and attracted large
concludes here engagement.

n commenced a week's
treet Theatre, Philadel-
ley Campbell's play "
se Elsler, as Jeanette
emotional power in
this play. While her eva-
ty episodes afforded great
ilence. Miss Elsler ap-
lt" and "Romeo and Ju-
, respectively. Frank P.
ntioned that evening in
ladelphia, sustaining the
endance was fair during
nt. Mme. Elizabeth Von
this theatre Dec. 17, in
ay Jane Grey," in which
her reappearance in her

OHEN "Mollie Maguire"
oards at the Academy of
t week. A farce entitled
ed Eagle, and ably cardner
Cohan to introduce their
drama "The Molly Ma-
d Frank Budworth sus-
arts, the former as the
and the latter as Banty
on and were much benefi-
McTurk. T. J. Martin as
ner as Diana Duychink,
he Kortright, and Nellie
e were acceptable. The
were unimproved, and
business ruled moderate
below. A low scale of ad-
"Buffalo Bill" Combina-
d Lawrence Barrett fills
Dec. 24.

ise Dillon, supported by
apany, are reported to be
the West. They perform
Dec. 24 to 29.
nised Hall is prepared
rs for the production of
Charley" and "The Scout

llifications described in
S. M. Landis to support

matist, can be address-

Texarkana, Texas, will
Stoddart Comedy Co.,
Ohio. The house, which
another week, can be
nules and others.
premiere danseuse, ad-
aged from Dec. 22.
E. Brooklyn, Charlotte
during the past week. Vio-
was new to Brooklyn
ong in effective situa-
Thompson a fair oppor-
her talents. She is an
ssible, and so makes the
elies strong and is apply
a character which will
e. Her reception was
support was uniformly
Whose services were
Sinn's stock company,
the late Claude Bur-
s obstacles, and played
ly and well. J. Z. Lit-
g lady, was especially
on. Mr. Little's econ-
od that it would be a
the members of the
its respect. As Tipple-
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aver in the play, and
ade for light character
her auditors. Mention
mounting of the play,
e desired. The attend-
the week, when Col.
with John E. Owens,
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PANY is wanted for the
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ourning business was
theatre, Brooklyn, the
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is a fair Badger," and
applause. Lizzie Hall
Bloodgood with spirit
the support included
Stevens, Maurice Pike,
Wren, Millie Sackett,
ale, and Nellie Dickson.
ical effects were both
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hearty applause. For
Monroe and Miss Mon
he Black Hand."
led the Brooklyn Aca-
and Saturday of last
performances of "Rip
ense in Holiday Week
ely filled the spacious
d mechanical effects
New York, while the
ns of Owen Fawcett,
Mr. Bernard Drew,
mer, was the same as
d at Booth's Theatre,

anny Davenport hap-
Opera-house Dec. 8,
on Dec. 14, says: "In
thumia (Miss Daven-
ection being so great
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drate, but struck her
at it bled profusely,
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rk. Her physician
ction of Dr. Mitchell was unable
Opera house, hav-
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week's business in
n 'Kerry Gow,' which
Business fair.....
announced for 19, 20,
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supported Maggie
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on. 'Dr. Weape,' as
y Miss Madge Wick-
by Col. M. Chester,
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ek, for one week.
Second engagement
Columbus on Dec.
r to engage her for
l February can ad-

e sale a play entitled

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ertainment there
ays our correspond-
dience never saw.
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port was also good.
', "Yankee" Robin-

HOUSE, Camden, N.
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stage 30ft. by 60ft.,
dramatic combina-
ough C. E. Dilkes,
house is to be open-
r and his dramatic
Faint Heart Never
n to Good Lucks."
ppeared 21, 22, with
day evening. L. B.
and D. T. Morgan,

nised his company,
N. J., Dec. 25. He
y after that date.

CINCINNATI DRAMATIC ADVICES are given by our correspondent to Dec. 14, as follows: "At the Grand Opera-house the Alice Oates Opera Company opened 10 in 'Giroflé Girofla,' 'Princess of Trebizonde' being given 11, 'Pretty Parlourmaid' 12, 'Mme. Angot's Daughter' 13, 'Barbe Bleue' 14, 'Princess of Trebizonde' matinee 15, 'Grand Duchess' evening 15. The houses have varied from large to packed full. Maggie Moore and J. C. Williamson open 17 in 'Struck Oil,' and on the 24th Maggie Mitchell begins a two weeks' season. .....Oliver Doud Byron opened 10 at Robinson's Opera house in 'Donald McKay,' which was kept on till 14, when 'Ben McCullough' was substituted. In consequence of the severance of J. W. Pierce's connection with the company, Mr. Macauley played the role of Benito Lerdo in admirable style. The Indian Maiden proved quite a hit in the hands of Lydia Denier. Business has been light. Mr. Byron remains another week, and Robson and Crane open 24.....John R. Rogers is to be business-manager of Mary Anderson's combination."

FROM CHICAGO, Ill., under date of Dec. 15, our correspondent wrote as follows: "At McVicker's the adaptation of Daudet's novel, 'Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné,' by Hunting and Kirkland, under the title of 'Sidonie, the Married Flirt,' received its first representation on any stage Dec. 10, and held the boards all the week. It was given in five acts, very handsomely mounted, and with the following cast:

William Risler	Jos. Wheelock
George Fromont	Francois
Sidonie	W. Richardson
Claire	Miss Laura Don
Frantz Risler	Miss Annie Graham
Grandfather Gardinois	Harry Lee
Delobelle	Harry Pearson
Sigismund Planus	Roland Reed
Chebe	J. H. McVicker
Cazabona	Isadore Davidson
	Desiree Deslonde
	Miss Geraldine Maye
	Madame Delobelle
	Miss Clara Stoneall
	Madame Chebe
	Miss Emma Marble
	Mlle. Planus
	Miss Cora Tanner

As the novel was first published in this country in THE CLIPPER, the story of the drama need not now be given. The climax, which is powerful, is an almost perfect piece of art, consistent, and unswervingly developed in detail to the finale, which is the most artistically dramatic in climax of any play seen here in some time. Yet, to our thinking, it is simply artificial art; there is no soulful element in the play. To the truthful portrait of Sidonie, who is a wanton in everything but deed, there is no contrast of noble purity exhibited. As in most French pieces, the atmosphere is vitiated. Laura Don presented a painfully realistic picture of the flirt. It is the finest piece of acting she has yet done, being an excellent simulation of nature. Annie Graham gave, in the few brief scenes allotted her, a pretty picture of the devoted wife and mother; but, unfortunately, that is a minor element of the story. Geraldine Maye acted the poor little crippled Desiree with wondrous naturalness, receiving a call before the curtain, but the character is morbid and unhealthy. Mmes. Delobelle and Chebe and Mlle. Planus were capitally assumed by Mrs. Stoneall and the Misses Marble and Tanner. Mr. Harry F. Wheelock played the unconscious cuckold with painful realness, rising to the only opportunity afforded him at the close. Harry Pearson, as Gardinois, was a model old man of the world. Roland Reed was splendid as 'Crusher' Sigismundian,' Delobelle. J. H. McVicker, as the old bookkeeper, Planus, was true to nature, as ever. Leorck, Lee, Everham and the rest fulfilled the requirements of their roles. 'Sidonie' will be continued another week. Business has been fair, improving towards the close. Rentz's Female Minstrels performed during the week. D. H. Harkins is to be business-manager of Mary Anderson's combination."

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE open in Toronto, Ont., Dec. 24.

CHAS. E DOBSON'S new patent banjo is described in his card in our business department.

JOHN N. CHADSEY, arranger of music and composer, can furnish the songs-and-dances noticed in his card in another column at 60 cents each, arranged for orchestra.

A PRICE-LIST of Bogan's professional banjos can be found in another column. Mr. Bogan publishes a guide to the stage, and gives instruction in dancing and on the banjo.

MISHLER'S Swedish Lady Vocal Quartet are billed in Springfield, Ill., 17, Bloomington 18, 19, Princeton 20, Niles, Mich., 21, Battle Creek 22, Kalamazoo 25, Grand Rapids 26, 27, and Louisville, Ky., Jan. 1, 1878, for one week.

HARRY SHIRLEY, leader of orchestra, violinist and solo alto player, advertises that he can be engaged.

PROF. S. KOSMINSKI, solo violinist and orchestra leader, is engaged at Hormick's Adelphi Theatre, Danville, Ill., where he can be addressed.

AIMEE GAVE FOUR performances at the Brooklyn Academy of Music last week, opening on Monday night in "La Fille de Mme. Angot," and following this with "La Marjolaine," Tuesday and at the Wednesday matinee, and "La Jolie Parfumeuse" Wednesday. Except at the matinee the attendance was fair.

A B-FLAT CORNET PLAYER, also a flute and piccolo player, are wanted by "Leader," who advertises.

MUSICAL NOTES from St. Louis, Mo., are as appended: The Oratorio Society will perform "The Messiah" at the Chamber of Commerce Jan. 3, 1878. The following solo singers have been engaged: Lillian Norton, Anna Drasdil, H. A. Bischoff and Franz Remmertz. Prof. Hans Balatka has withdrawn from the club that bore his name, and Louis Mayer, formerly 'cello-player with Theodore Thomas, has been secured to fill his place. The organization will hereafter be known as the Philharmonic Society, and they have engaged Miss Ada Branson as the vocalist for the season. It is rumored that Prof. Balatka will form another club shortly.....The second annual season of the Y. M. C. A.'s concert and lecture course will be inaugurated Dec. 18 by Miss Emma Abbott, Matthew Arbuckle, Sig. P. Ferranti, W. H. Stanley and A. G. Robyn. The second concert will be given by the Camilla Urso Troupe Jan. 29, 1878.

J. L. FENTY, song-writer, advertises in this issue.

JOHN LOVELOCK advertises a new and simple method for the banjo.

A LIST of Spear & Dehnhoff's latest musical publications, embracing many of the popular songs of the day, is published in our business department.

EMIL EISMAN, variety and dramatic leader, now playing with his orchestra and band of five pieces at Ward's Opera-house, Jamaison, N. J., can be engaged after Jan. 5. See card.

ROE STEPHENS has just published "Ah Sin," a comic Chinese song, written for Chas. T. Parsloe, and "Never Go Back on Your Friend," a song by Ned Straight, containing a handsome lithograph of Frank Girard in his B. P. O. E. regalia.

AT THE NEW CHICAGO (ILL.) THEATRE musical events of the week were concerts by the Abbott Troupe Dec. 10, 11. The attendance was large..... A Mr. and Mrs. Hess' English opera Troupe presented "Chimes of Normandy" to Saturday night's attendance which improved nightly. Next (this) week a varied bill will be given, opening with "The Bohemian Girl."

CARL BENTZ'S concluding orchestral matinee was given at Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, Dec. 14.....Mark Hassler inaugurated his second season of orchestral matinees at St. George's Hall Dec. 15.....Henry J. Hutchinson has rejoined the Hutchinson Troupe, appearing at their twenty-eighth concert this season in the Quaker City, on Dec. 13.....Signor Belletti will commence a series of dime concerts at Concert Hall Dec. 24.

MASTER JOHN HYDES, the boy-violinist, is to have a complimentary benefit at St. George's Hall, Philadelphia, Dec. 20.

THE HOLMAN OPERA TROUPE are to open the Royal Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., Dec. 17, for the season.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS expect to begin their next tour about the last of February with a large party, all of the late company, including Nina Ryerson, Lilian Clare, Adah Carey, Jennie Gourlay, Little Kittie, Master Willie, Gilbert Daggett, Sam R. Hodgon, and others.

A. E. VOGS, leader of orchestra, whose address find elsewhere, wants an engagement.

MLLE. ROSA D'ERINA, assisted by a full orchestra, gave concerts in Richmond, Va., Dec. 11, 12.

LEW JOHNSON'S TENNESSE Jubilee Singers are reported as doing a good business in Iowa. John Smith, basso, and Robert Crawford, first tenor, received a benefit at Carroll Cave, 28. The company is billed for Knoxville, Iowa, 17, Oskaloosa 18, Christian 19, Albion 20, Marysville, Mo., 21, Savannah 22.

MUSICAL EVENTS in Boston are thus reported by our correspondent writing Dec. 16:

Madame Madeline Schiller's second pianoforte recital took place at Horticultural Hall afternoon 12. Miss Lizzie Conyn assisted. The third and last recital occurs afternoon 19.....The Kellogg-Cary concert in Music Hall evening 12 and afternoon 15 were well attended.....A vocal and instrumental concert was given at Tremont Temple 12, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Association.....The Cecelia Club gave their second invitation concert in Tremont Temple 13, repeating the programme of the previous week.....The Boylston Club give their first concert of the season at Music Hall 19. The Handel and Hayden Society give their first oratorio performance 23, the soloists being Miss Emma C. Thursby, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mrs. E. D. Sawyer, Messrs. William J. Winch and E. Stoddard, with Carl Zerrahn as conductor and B. J. Lang organist.

SHARPS AND FLATS.—Miss Emma C. Thursby sang in Utica, N. Y., Dec. 13.....The Orpheus Glee Club concertize at the Flushing (L. I.) Theatre Dec. 18.....Mrs. Marriner was to have made her first appearance since her return from Europe on Dec. 13, at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco.....The first Emma Abbott concert in Chicago was given on Dec. 10 at the new Chicago Theatre. The lady was assisted by Julia Rive-King, the later female Swedish Quartet, and Sig. Ferranti, C. N. Allen, Mr. Stanley, Herr Rosing and Arbuckle.....A concert was given in Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on Dec. 12, in aid of the French Mutual Aid Society.....Miss Mary E. Cook, known as a California songstress, was to have sung on Dec. 5, at the California Theatre, San Francisco, for the benefit of T. W. Keene. Called before the curtain at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, on Dec. 10, after the play, Mr. Keene made the following remarks with reference to the Mr. and Mrs. Laurent case, at the close of which she was the subject of an ovation at the hands of the audience: "*Dear Friends:* My heart is too full for me to go on until I have said a word to you about the cruel slanders published in this city against me and against a man who never spoke a word to me he might not be addressed to his sister. I came to this city as Mr. Oates' bride when I was only a girl of fifteen. I spared long, though I have been before the public in a struggle for the support of myself and family, I have held my name, both as a wife and a woman, without stain, as God is my witness. The slanders would be cruel if partially true; as they are wholly false, they are killing me. I ask justice as a woman. I appeal to you to suspend your judgment until Mr. Laurent proves his own and my innocence in the courts of law. There we can at least have justice. Newspapers do not seem to know it, or even mercy. I thank you for your sympathy." Chas. E. Locke's Comedy Company, Arrangements are said to be in progress to secure the Oates Troupe.....Beethoven's Mass in C is to be sung at Trinity Church, this city, on Christmas day, and at the St. Ann's (R. C.), East Twenth street.....The first concert of the third season of the Staten Island (N. Y.) Philharmonic Society was given on Dec. 11, the soloists being Miss Drasdil and Master Lichtenberg.....The Aimee Opera bouffe Troupe are to perform during the holidays in the principal South American cities, under Maurice Grau's direction.....Dr. Damrosch gives the "Messiah" at Steinway Hall on the 27th.....The Kellogg-Cary opera season begins in Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 7, 1878. They will appear at Booth's Theatre, this city, under Mr. Duff's management, during March.....Alf Burnett and Helen Nash are among the attractions of the Cooper Institute Dime Concerts.....Sig. Amadeo Barili has managed the affairs of the Italian opera company in Cuba, died in Havana last week. He was well known in musical circles, and in Paris he conducted a musical agency for many years.

VARIETY HALLS.

BUSINESS at the Theatre Comique, Richmond, Va., the past week, was good. James Woodville, a popular performer, and Master F. Varnett, in acrobatic feats, were the new faces Dec. 10. Leona De Forrest closed 17, going to Baltimore. Dollie Sharpe and Sam Lang are underlined for 17.

GEO. L. GREGORY, clown, and Will S. Madden, pantaloon and mimic, advertise for engagements.

MANAGERS desiring to keep their houses permanently before the attention of artists, and of arranging dates with first-class people, will find a card in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC a great assistance to them. Those desiring to advertise in the next edition are notified that copy should be sent in not later than Dec. 18. See rates in our business department.

VARIETY ARTISTS desiring to keep their names and lines of business permanently before the attention of managers should advertise in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC; and those desiring to avail themselves of the opportunity are notified that copy must be sent in not later than Dec. 18. Rates are published in our advertising department.

THE FRESH ARRIVALS at the Comique, St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 9, were Grace Garland, who danced an excellent jig; the Lynn Sisters, fair duettists; and Harry Moreland and Neoskieata, who acted the principal parts in the drama of "Keen-eye the Ranger." Manager Mitchell has decided to give dramatic performances in conjunction with the regular variety olio. Stage-manager Dick Parker's benefit 13 drew the largest house that has been seen since a similar event occurred last season. The beneficiary was presented with a silk purse containing $125 in silver, and, besides the regular people, the following volunteers appeared: McClure Brothers and Greene, Mabel Pearl, La Petite Herbert, El Nino Eddie, John Leslie, Tommy Dodd, Hank Mason, Billy McBride, McDonough and Cole, Ed. Kelly and Tom Costello, Jim Burdine, W. T. Stephens, John Gilbert, and Healey, Conway and Ella Saunders.....Charles Lee and Carrie Austin in rifle-shooting and zouave drill, the St. Felix Sisters in songs-and-dances, and Angie Schott in the burlesque of "Conrad the Buccaneer," were the newcomers at Wood's 10. Business fair. Departures: Frank Williamson, New York; Charles Turner, Cleveland; Delehanty and Hengler, Academy of Music, Chicago; and Angie Schott. Opening 17: Senorita Villafrez, Connors and Coleman, Maggie Gray, Etta May, G. A. Hill in 'On the Trail,' Milton Nasper's Combination, and Al. S. Lipman, who takes the stage-management.....At Joseph Norton, juggler; Burt C. Taylor and Little Sallie Cohen, in the drama of 'Fritz;' George W. Hunter, Irish vocalist; and Nellie Richards, vocalist, opened at Schicklings' 10. Biz fair. Departures: G. W. Hunter and Nellie Richards, Cleveland; Joseph Norton, Rochester, N. Y.; and Foley and Sheffer. Opening 17: Leopold and Gaston, Redmond and Davoe, Ada Clifton and Nellie Thorn.....Billy Butler, comedian, and Dollie Dimple, serio-comic, opened at the Eldorado 10. John Fisher closes 15. To open 16: Macauley and Bell."

A FEMALE BALLAD SINGER is wanted at the Summer Garden, St. Paul, Minn. Address A. Knauff, as per card.

MME. SINON DUCLOS' BLONDES opened for one week at Williams' Academy of Music, Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 10. The attendance was large, and continued so. Their performances were rather tame. The presence of a number of police, I am informed, prevented them from giving an enjoyable cancan. The Duclos party go to Akron, O., 17. Those booked here for 17 are Reynolds and Walling, Mabel Pearl, Bohee Brothers, Maggie Bowers, Maud Sheppard, Mlle. Cora and Austin, Girard Brothers, J. D. Kelly, and Fred Stuckley. Considerable speculation as to why his wife here for the last ten days as to the future management of Trimble's Varieties. It was generally supposed that Mr. Sproul had secured a lease of the place, but I am authorized to state that is his wish in the matter he has not as yet spoken to anyone. It will be ready for opening on Dec. 22. Advices of Dec. 14.

WARD'S OPERA-HOUSE, Paterson, N. J., the past week did a light business. The attractions were Mons. Dorel in fancy and trick bicycle; clog-dances, Adarine and Monroe on the tight rope; the Whitings in sketches, Senorita Marcia in dances, Chas and Davis, Lou Edwards, Irene Orsman and Irene Carolton. Departures 15: Irene Orsman, Willis Pickert, Azurine and Monroe, Swing and Darcie, to New York; Nellie Ward, to Newark; and the Whitings, to Fall River, Mass. Announced for 17: Harry Shay, Cummings and Harrington, Huber and Glidden, Edith Lyle, Lydia Clay, and Josephine Marshall. Sam Martin, one-legged dancer, appeared on the 15th, after an illness of one week. Letter of the 15th.

AT THE COLISEUM, Chicago, Ill., a liberal attendance has prevailed, and a good entertainment was given. The past week's arrivals comprised Josephine Shandley in vocal selections, Julia Bennett in skipping-rope dances, and Charlotte Stanley in the drama of "Too Late." Departures 15: King Sartoro, to New York; John Gilbert and Alice Bennett, to Cincinnati; Charlotte Stanley, destination unknown. Opening 17: Tommy Taylor, assisted by Mark Hughes, Jennings and Davis, Addie Percy, Mons. Alphonse.....At the Academy the business has been nearly as large as that of the Week previous. The fresh appearances were Pat Rooney in Irish songs-and-dances, Mons. Dallas and the aged darky, and Harry Osborne and Fanny Wentworth in sketches. Leaving 15: Reynolds and Walling, to Pittsburg; Harry Osborne and Fanny Wentworth, to Coliseum; Master Morrissey, destined to be known as the 'Infant Wallenda;' Mc-Carthy, in Irish specialties; Fox and Baker, in a musical act; Sergeant W. Meagher, drillist; Worden and Mack, song-and-dance; Lillie Hall, in vocalisms; Hoise Monsland's art groupings; J. Davis, Cool Burgess, and E. Kennedy. The debutants on amateur night, 14, were Tony Sweeney, in Dutch songs; Johnny Clark, in Irish songs; Parker and German, and Turner and O'Neil, in double songs-and-dances; Dan Whelton, plantation song-and-dance; Harry Williams, in his imitations of Mafti in "Evangeline;" Grace Summer, vocalist; Tommy Scribnert, in a burlesque lecture; Charles Johnson, Shakespearian reader; Carrie Munson, song-and-dance artist; and the Colored Twins in consortion acts. Business large. The new rage appearances 17 are Bel Museh, Jennie and Ansie Morgan, the Robtnson Family, Mlle. Marcita and Sadie Martinoet. Letter of Dec. 15.

VARIETY NEWS from Cincinnati to Dec. 14 is given as follows by our correspondent: "Andy and George McKee in an Ethiopian sketch; Emma Hoffman, serio-comic; Manchester and Jennings, and Urwin, Dan in songs-and-dances, were the opening attractions at the Coliseum 10. A funny burlesque called 'The Toll-house Murder,' *a la* Landis, written by B. C. Hart, made quite a hit. Departures: Mike and Cora Austin, Pittsburg; Ursula Dan, Harry Macarthy, Lottie Estelle Macarthy, and Eugene Lavelle. Opening 17: Crossley and Elder and the Mauritius Brothers..... The National Theatre Comique was inaugurated 9 under the management of Hart & Co., with A. H. Hart as business-manager; Harry Gilbert, stage-manager; John Locke, machinist; John Kerwood, properties. The company embraced the Hudson Brothers, in clogs and songs-and-dances; St. Leon, Courtney and Showers, in songs-and-dances; Bixford Brothers, in acrobatic feats; La Verde Sisters, in musical sketches; Keating and Sands in their sketch 'Music in the Kitchen;' Richmond Sisters, in songs-and-dances; and Dr. S. M. Landis, in 'Dick Shaw.' Business fair. Departures: Keating and Sands, New York. Opening 17: Harry and Pet Slate, Julia Benton, Eugene Taylor, and George Newton, in 'Skeleton Hand.'.....At Heuck's, 10, the fresh appearances were Carlotta Banks in ballads; Leotard Brothers in acrobatic feats; and Sam E. Ryan and Lillian Travis, who appeared respectively as Irishman and Irishwoman in a condensed version of 'The Two Orphans.' Business large. Departures: Sam E. Ryan, Toledo; John Shay, New York; John Reilly, to join Benedict's Minstrels; Langlois Brothers, Chicago. Opening 17: Joseph Haley, Cowan and Ellis, Saunders.....Charles Lee and Carrie Austin in rifle-shooting and zouave drill, the St. Felix Sisters in songs-and-dances, and Angie Schott in the burlesque of "Conrad the Buccaneer," were the newcomers at Wood's 10. Business fair. Departures: Frank Williamson, New York; Charles Turner, Cleveland; Delehanty and Hengler, Academy of Music, Chicago; and Angie Schott. Opening 17: Senorita Villafrez, Connors and Coleman, Maggie Gray, Etta May, G. A. Hill in 'On the Trail,' Milton Nasper's Combination, and Al. S. Lipman, who takes the stage-management.....At Joseph Norton, juggler; Burt C. Taylor and Little Sallie Cohen, in the drama of 'Fritz;' George W. Hunter, Irish vocalist; and Nellie Richards, vocalist, opened at Schicklings' 10. Biz fair. Departures: G. W. Hunter and Nellie Richards, Cleveland; Joseph Norton, Rochester, N. Y.; and Foley and Sheffer. Opening 17: Leopold and Gaston, Redmond and Davoe, Ada Clifton and Nellie Thorn.....Billy Butler, comedian, and Dollie Dimple, serio-comic, opened at the Eldorado 10. John Fisher closes 15. To open 16: Macauley and Bell."

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AT WARD'S OPERA-HOUSE, Newark, N. J., business continues good. The new people Dec. 10 were Harry and Clara Fielding, Willie Gaylord, Mons. Goroux, Mlle. Adelina, Harry Greacon, and Jones and Kainy. On Friday (amateur) night the following aspirants for fame were seen: Dave Sherwood, in a stump speech; the Neary Brothers, in a boxing contest; Wm. Saunders and an unknown, in a wrestling match; and David Jourdan, in clog-dancing to his own music, and tin-whistle playing. The Neary Brothers carried off the prize (a fine silver-plated, six-bottle caster) for the best act. Departures 15: Mons. Goroux and Mlle. Adelina, to New York; Harry and Clara Fielding, to join the Washburn Company; Jones and Kainy, to Brooklyn; and Harry Shay, to Paterson. Announced for 17: W. J. Mills, Wood, West, and Leslie Brothers, and Malone and Pettit, Willis Pickert, and Mlle. Zittella, Susie Warren, and Leonzo and Ryan.....

At the Metropolitan a good week's business was done. The Parker Sisters (Georgie and Lizzie), the Ilferd Sisters (Belle and Celia), and Lillie Florence were the fresh appearances 10. Venus and Adonis close 15, going to New York, and Smith and Byrne and Nellie Fielding open 17.

.....Owing to the convention and strife, the opening announced, in the last issue of THE CLIPPER, of the Adelphi, late New Jersey Theatre, did not take place Dec. 10.

MISS MILLIE MARTELLE, a pleasing vocalist, and Weston and Casey in their musical specialties were the new arrivals at the Howard Athenæum, Washington, D. C., Dec. 10. Departures 15: Murphy and Morton and Wesley and Casey, to Philadelphia. All the rest of the company except Will H. Morton, Millie Martelle and E. F. Barnes appear at the Howard Athenæum, Baltimore, the present week. Announcements 17: T. Grattan Riggs, Murphy and Mack, Manvers and Wood, Nellie St. John and Polly Daly. Business large.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.—Kitty Leroy, a jig-dancer, was shot and killed by her husband, Samuel R. Curley, who immediately took his own life with the same pistol. The murder and suicide took place in the Lone Star Hotel, Deadwood, D. T., and we believe on Dec. 8. Jealousy is said to have been the cause. Several years ago Kitty Leroy, while fulfilling an engagement in Texas, became acquainted with a gentleman, whose name is withheld, with whom she lived for six years. Afterwards they proceeded to California, and several months ago went to Deadwood, where they became estranged. Kitty then married Samuel R. Curley, a well-known sporting man; but between them, it is said, there was no congeniality. Shortly thereafter Curley went to Denver, and the old friendship between the Texan and Kitty was renewed, and, that fact being communicated to Curley, it is believed that he returned to Deadwood for the express purpose of killing his wife, her paramour and himself. He traveled under an assumed name, and left the stage-coach at South Deadwood and walked the driver's seat, to conceal the fact that he had been a passenger. He was directed to the Lone Star House, and in the evening sent for his rival, who refused to visit him. He then, it is alleged, told a colored man employed in the house that he intended to kill his wife and himself, and then mounted the stairs and did so. The bodies were examined, that of Kitty disclosed the fatal wound in the centre of the chest, while that of Curley showed a ghastly wound in the head, from which a portion of the brain and pieces of the skull protruded. A coroner's jury was held, the jury returning the following verdict:

The said jury, upon their oaths, do say that the said Kitty Curley, otherwise known as Kitty Leroy, came to her death by a pistol-shot wound, inflicted by Samuel R. Curley, with felonious intent, and that immediately thereafter the said Samuel R. Curley committed suicide with the same weapon by shooting himself in the head.

M. J. Ranahan, who gives his address as P. O. Box 513, Deadwood, asks us to request Kitty Leroy's sister to write to him, as by so doing she will learn something to her advantage.

AT GILMORE'S Broadway Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 10, the new appearances were Murphy and Mack in the Irish sketch of "The O'Shaughnessy Guards;" Fred F. Levantine in equilibristic feats, which were new and striking; John Williams, who sang a baritone song, and later gave a humorous recitation of "Murphy and Shannon in Dutch sketches. Jennie and Annie Morgan, Larry Tooley, J. W. McAndrews and Billy Barry remained over from last week. "The Comanches" closed the bill nightly, and was well received. The performers were Fraser, James W. Sandford, Kitty Pell, Julia Coventry and Lille Rosebud taking prominent characters. Business good. Closed Dec. 15: Larry Tooley, Fred F. Levantine, the Morgan Sisters, J. W. McAndrews and Billy Barry, to Washington; and Murphy and Shannon, to Philadelphia. Billed for 17: Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels.....The New Central Repertoire, under the management of Comique, opening, is now in a fair way of making a profitable season. The fresh appearances 10 were Colonel J. Franklin Warner's "New York Seventh-regiment Platoon Dancers"—eight youths who give "log and other dances quite artistically; Billy Lytle in Irish songs and witticisms, and Marie Hall in serio-comic songs. "The Scouts of the Plains" concluded the programme, and in it Texas Jack (J. B. Omohundro), Mlle. Morlacchi and Harry Mainhall were the most prominent actors. Business fair. Departures: Colonel Warner's Platoon Dancers and the Texas Jack Combination, to Washington. Coming 17: Aldine Sisters, Emma Bretto, Irwin Sisters, the Maud Hastings Combination, and Harley Howard.....At the Odeon, 10, the arrivals were Ed. and Clara Mora in Irish songs and sketches, the Kine Brothers—James and Barney—musical mokes; Johnny Whitney and Emma Clifford in doubles-jigs; and Minnie Lee, who has quite recovered from her severe indisposition, and appeared fairly as ever. Jennie Eagan is still laid up with a severe cold. No departures. Business good. Coming 17: Gus Peters and Mlle. Etta. Advices of Dec. 14.

CONTINUED GOOD BUSINESS and well-pleased audiences were the rule at Shelby's, Buffalo, N. Y., last week. Worley, Barnum, Harry Leslie and Skellette initiated the programme with "Them Bad Boys," and later Worley was seen alone in his specialties. The new faces were Mlle. Marietta, in trapeze business; Milligan and Weaver in acrobatic songs-and-dances; Louise Murio, whose songs proved attractive; Annie Hindle in male impersonations; the Duvalli Sisters and the Bohee Brothers, the latter doing a variety of songs, dances, banjo-solos and duets in fair style. Closed 15: Le Clair Sisters, to Toledo, O.; Mlle. Marietta, Boston; Milligan and Weaver, Indianapolis; Annie Hindle, Akron, O.; and the Bohee Bros. to Pittsburg. To open 17: Fannie Beane, Hulmes and Leo, Alice Hale, Niles and Evans, Gibson and Binney, and Ferguson and Flynn.

THE BOHEE BROTHERS, who are now performing at the Academy of Music,

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Per annum, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage, extra. Single copies, 10 cents each. No deduction to clubs or agents.

ADVERTISEMENTS—Agate type measure, 14 lines go an inch.—Department notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Outs and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we could advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand. Charing Cross, W. C.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC

FOR 1878.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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NOT LATER THAN DEC. 18.

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NOTICE.

A professional paper (Vol. 1, No. 1), dated Nov. 30, commenced its career in New York by venting its spleen upon many first-class artists who are not booked with Carlisle & Caverly. That it is evident, for on a close perusal of this amateur sheet it will be seen that it expresses its venom by the frequent use of the slang word "dizzy" only against those performers who are not on their books; and every artist that is on their books is lauded to the skies.
Experience will be a teacher to them, I hope, in regard to my leaving the party they speak of. I left because the manager hinted at a reduction of salary, which cannot be denied. I have never disappointed without giving managers proper notice; and I have been unable to fill my engagements twice only. In both instances notice was given me for the managers not to announce me, and the engagements were broken for reasons that I could not help.
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A CARD.

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I take this method of contradicting a base fabrication and scandalous article published in a SO-CALLED Professional Journal, recently issued in New York, and headed "DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE DRAMATIC and VARIETY PROFESSION." It is such so-called journals as that which HURT OUR PROFESSION. The article will, to any sensible person, show itself to be malicious and intended to INJURE me with MANAGERS. I DENY IN TOTO both assertions. Those WHO KNOW ME will look upon it in its proper light; and to show the animus of the publishers, it is sufficient to say I do not employ an AGENT to attend to my business, but make my OWN ENGAGEMENTS, and am NOT booked at CARLISLE & CAVERLY'S (AND STILL LIVE). [39-1t*] Yours, FANNY HERRING.

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